

THE LISTENER, DECEMBER 27, 1951. Vol. XLVI. No. 1191. PRICE THREEPENCE

H.M. THE KING'S
CHRISTMAS DAY BROADCAST

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



New Year 1952



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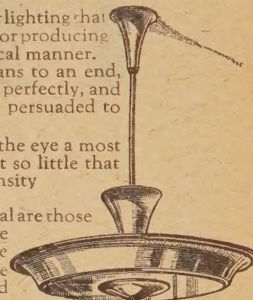
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The Listener

Vol. XLVI. No. 1191

Thursday December 27 1951

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Blessings of Christmas

HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S broadcast message

AS I speak to you today, I would like to wish you, wherever you may be, a happy Christmas. Though we live in hard and critical times, Christmas is, and always will be, a time when we can count our blessings: the blessings of home, the blessing of happy family gatherings, and the blessing of the hopeful message of Christmas.

I myself have every cause for deep thankfulness. For not only—by the grace of God and through the faithful skill of my doctors, surgeons and nurses—have I come through my illness, but I have learned once again that it is in bad times that we value most highly the support and sympathy of our friends. From my peoples in these islands and in the British Commonwealth and Empire, as well as from many other countries, this support and sympathy has reached me, and I thank you now from my heart. I trust that you yourselves realise how greatly your prayers and good wishes have helped me and are helping me in my recovery.

It has been a great disappointment to the Queen and to myself that we have been compelled to give up for the second time the tour which we had planned for next year. We were looking forward to meeting my peoples in their own homes, and we realise that they will share our regret that this cannot be. I am very glad that our daughter, Princess Elizabeth, with her husband, will be able to visit these countries, and I know that their welcome there will be as warm as that which awaited us.

You are most of you now sitting at home among your families, listening to me, as I speak from mine. At Christmas we feel that the old, simple things matter most. They do not change, however much the world outside may seem to do so. When we say that Christmas brings good cheer, we do not only think of material things; we think more of the feelings of friendliness and comradeship we have one for the other. And I think that,

among all the blessings which we may count today, the chief one is that we are a friendly people. We do not all think alike, of course. We are such a large family of nations and it would be difficult. We each have our own ideas, but we have come to learn that differences of opinion are not the same as quarrels.

I wonder if we realise just how precious this spirit of friendliness and kindness is. We are living in an age which is often hard and cruel, and if there is anything that we can offer to the world of today, perhaps it is the example of tolerance and understanding that runs like a golden thread through the great and diverse family of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

I send a special message to all those who are far from their homes and families on this Christmas Day. There is nothing new in this; we are a home-loving but we have never been a stay-at-home people. During the war we all looked forward so anxiously to the times when we could spend Christmas together at home, and now the troubles of the world are forcing so many of you to be away from your families. But the Queen and I join with all those of our people who are thinking today of the absent ones from the family circle, some of whom may be serving in foreign lands. They may be the young men doing their national service. They may be the officers and men of my fighting services and of the merchant services. I know that on Christmas Day they will be thinking of their families at home, and you will be thinking of them. But especially we are all thinking of our friends and our sons and brothers who are now facing hardships and dangers in Malaya and Korea, a 'band of brothers' drawn from all parts of my Dominions.

The Queen and I wish you all, near and far, a happy Christmas and a prosperous and peaceful New Year.

Can Rearmament Lead to Peace?

RAYMOND SWING gives an American's impressions of Europe

WESTERN policy in world affairs has been moving forward at a pace that, like the motion of a planet, may not be discernible to most inhabitants but is most impressive when understood. It has been my assignment to report in turn the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty at San Francisco, the Ottawa meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Council, the general debate of the United Nations Assembly in Paris—including the presentation of the American, British, and French disarmament proposal—and the Rome meeting of the N.A.T.O. Council. The span is just over three and a half months; the subjects discussed and actions taken dealt with the full array of the urgent current problems of peace and rearmament. Concurrently, the Pacific Security Pact between the United States and Australia and New Zealand has been signed at San Francisco, and a like pact between the United States and the Philippines at Washington. Negotiations have been held with the Bonn Federal Government by the United States, Britain and France, preparing the end of the Statutes of Occupation. Still more remarkable, negotiations for a European army, representing a European community, have brought Europe to the very brink of federation; France has ratified the Schuman Plan. The series of North Atlantic Treaty conferences at the next meeting, in Lisbon, early in February, may end in integrating western Germany into the defence of western Europe. And by then the defence requirements of the member states presumably will be moulded to their economic capacities. I should mention, too, that all this while the armistice negotiations in Korea have flickered uncertainly but hopefully like a candle in the night window.

A Pattern in Focus

These events, simply enumerated, show this to be one of the most active diplomatic periods, not only of post-war history but of any time. The problems of peace and rearmament are coming to a head; they are driving government leaders to new ideas; old prejudices are being challenged; past concepts reversed. To read or hear the news from day to day may be to feel confused by seeming contradictions, but once one sees the whole panorama of actions a pattern comes into focus. This is most encouraging and consistent. To some it may seem a mockery even to speak of peace and rearmament in the same breath. To European nationalists the rush into federation may appear ill-considered and even dangerous. Fears in France and the Benelux countries are quite vivid that any federation with Germany, if Britain and Scandinavia are out of it, will grow into a federation under Germany, and a Germany inevitably coveting the lost provinces in the east. The strain on European economies of the rearmament programme is producing alarm; the recovery of the Marshall Plan is threatened by world inflation; faced with the ominous economic and inner political perils, many in Europe are asking themselves if so much rearmament is needed so soon.

Over and over again in Europe I heard the statement as an argument against swift rearmament that the Soviet Union does not want a war, meaning a global war, as though rearmament were being devised only to deter Russia from launching a global war. But those who were so sure about the Kremlin's intention seemed to me to forget that the Soviet Union did want the war in Korea and the war in Greece, and that it presumably would welcome a war in Yugoslavia to overthrow the Tito regime. It certainly wanted the capture of the Czech democracy, and it wants a neutral Germany, France, and Britain, for then the Kremlin would dominate all of Europe, as well as most of Asia, and it would have won its greatest triumph without a global war.

Then I heard the fear expressed over and over again that the momentum of rearmament might carry the west into making war. I argued that the objective of rearmament was peace, and that the disarmament programme introduced at the United Nations was proof of it. But doubts sometimes were expressed about the sincerity of these proposals. Since the Kremlin would not accept them forthwith I was assured it must be only a propaganda trick to introduce them. But in the context of San Francisco, Ottawa, Paris, Rome, Lisbon, I feel that

the disarmament proposals supply a missing part of the foundation to the whole structure of peace. Previously the United States thesis had been that rearmament was in the interest of peace, since the objective was to negotiate from strength, not only to prevent new Soviet aggression. But when it came to identify what would be negotiated or how the modern world was to escape from the maze of rearmament, no convincing answer was given. Now the answer is offered.

I thought it quite shrewish to assail the sincerity of the disarmament programme on the grounds that the Kremlin is not prepared now to accept it. Should the west wait for genuine balanced and controlled disarmament until the Kremlin itself proposes it? And if western policy is incomplete without a programme of true and forcible disarmament, is it not high time that it produced one? Here, it seems to me, the only valid criticism would be of the disarmament programme itself. If it does not aim at the right conclusion, or if it is so drafted that it is unfairly weighted against the Soviet Union, it would be important to say so and to change it. But this is not the kind of criticism I encountered. I heard the complaint that the programme is not acceptable to the Soviet Union because it put regulation and control of land forces before that of atomic weapons.

Secretary Acheson, in his long exposition of the programme before the United Nations Political Committee, held out the possibility of working through all the forms of control and putting them all into a single treaty. Another objection to the proposals has been that the west is offering nothing better in the field of atomic control than the original Baruch Plan as modified by the U.N. Assembly. But there is no insistence on this precise solution: every time the subject has been mentioned, the western spokesman has been at pains to say that any other form of atomic control will be acceptable as long as it is an improvement on the majority plan.

It seemed to me that the reporting of the disarmament programme has put the emphasis on its minor, not major, feature. The essence of the plan is not the arms census, that is simply a pre-condition to successful arms reduction: you cannot know what you are reducing if you do not know what it is you have, and you cannot know what the other nations' reductions amount to if you do not know how much they will have left. But the essence of the arms reduction programme is not the census, it is the reduction, and, of course, continual, effective control. So the most important debate must be over the criteria to be accepted for permissible strength. Here, the United States has proposed, though only tentatively, that a maximum be set beyond which no proportion of a large country's population can be drawn into military service and no proportion of a great industrial country's production can be dedicated to military uses. Here Russia and the United States should be able to meet in a settlement that is balanced and fair to both. I am not suggesting these will be easy subjects to settle; I simply remark they are the important subjects.

Disarmament and the Iron Curtain

What the western programme foresees is negotiations between the major military powers over what strength they actually need for domestic peace, keeping down to a level that does not threaten their neighbour. This is the objective. And if the decisions reached are all wrapped up into a single treaty, to be ratified as a single step, where is one country more favoured than another if the programme, as such, is fair? It is undeniable that the disarmament programme of the west entails the abandonment of the Iron Curtain, and it is equally undeniable that the Kremlin, for the moment, lays great store on keeping itself unvisited and uninspected by foreigners. But there can be no arms reduction without international controls of the most stringent kind. For Americans, I imagine it has come pretty hard to admit foreigners to their secret atomic installations, but if this is the price of arms reduction it becomes the price of safety. And so it might well appear to the men in the Kremlin. What is essential, of course, is that the Kremlin in time comes to believe in the sincerity of the west's

(continued on page 1106)

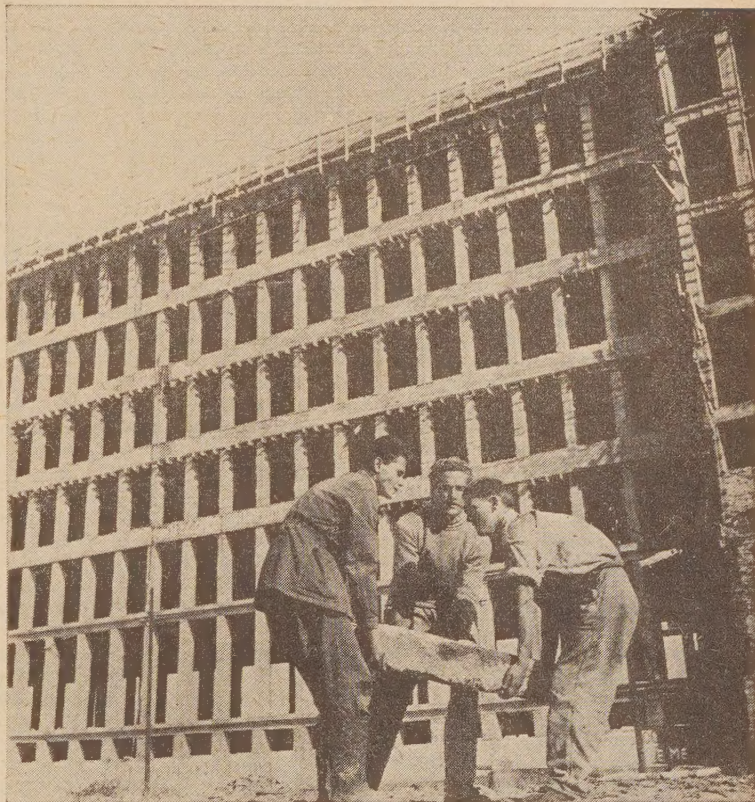
Signs of Progress in Yugoslavia

By JOHN LAWRENCE

THREE years ago Yugoslavia was behind the Iron Curtain. Even two years ago Yugoslavs who made friends with westerners ran a very serious risk of trouble with the political police. But in the past year or two it has become very easy to make contacts with the Yugoslavs. They talk quite freely: indeed, one is sometimes overcome by the violence of their complaints against the Government, against the lack of food and the shortage of everything from needles and razor blades to motor-cars and machinery for factories, and against red tape and bureaucracy. People will tell you that material hardships are not the worst of it. They are not free. Nearly everyone in Yugoslavia is liable to sudden arrest and all sorts of despotic caprice. This is all true. And if you try to suggest that, after all, things are getting better, you will be shouted down with indignation. You will be told that, coming from outside, you cannot understand the realities of the situation.

If you are in a hurry you can leave it at that and go away with the impression that Yugoslavia is a very unhappy country, and that there is no more to be said; but if you listen patiently—and you must go on listening for quite a long time—you will generally find that the person you are talking to changes his tune. After a bit, he will begin to tell you that, bad as things are, they are not quite as bad as they were. There is a little more food this year, and more freedom; indeed the best proof of this is that almost everyone is prepared to voice his complaints against the Government, without, apparently, any fear of reprisals. You will be told that in the past year there is a real change in the attitude of the political police; the police still hold despotic powers, but evidently they have been instructed to be more circumspect in the way that they exercise these powers and to allow people to grouse as much as they like. And there seems to be a universal relief that Marshal Tito has broken with Russia and that relations with the west are getting better.

After being told all this, you almost begin to wonder



The half-built University of Belgrade, on which work has stopped because of lack of materials. Left, below: pig sty on a Yugoslav collective farm



whether you are still talking to the man who, perhaps a few hours earlier, had not a good word to say for Marshal Tito's Government. The fact is that, after all that they have been through, most Yugoslavs feel very strongly the need to blow off steam before they can get down to giving you a balanced picture. The truth is not simple, and anyone who tries to give a simplified picture is bound to be misleading.

Members of the Communist Party admit freely that they have made mistakes in the past and done things which they ought not to have done. But they are optimistic about the future and tell you that in a year or two the troubles will all be over. The man in the street is not so cheerful, let alone the man in the field. At first sight, one might indeed have thought that everything would be easy for Yugoslavia after a few teething difficulties. It is a magnificent country, with room for all, wonderful variety of landscape, rich agricultural land, untouched forests in regions which are now becoming accessible, great mineral resources, and with people who are quickly learning how to use these natural advantages. But when you translate these generalities into hard facts, you begin to see the difficulties. After the war the revolution promised great things and people naturally expected to see a quick improvement in their conditions of life. But—whatever the reasons may be—the revolution has not delivered the goods, so far. And people thought that socialism would mean freedom as well as prosperity; so it was a shock to find that communism relied on the secret police, and a great many people in Yugoslavia have become cynical about their present rulers. They do not believe that the leopard has changed his spots. After all, when once a government has got into despotic ways—even if it does begin to reform itself—it is always easier, in a sense, to

go back to high-handed methods rather than to go forward to more liberty, and it will take a long time before many people will believe that the comparative tolerance of the past year or two has come to stay.

But there is another side to that picture. The Russian example has shown Marshal Tito and his associates clearly enough where tyranny can end. And the shock has done them good. They have done some fundamental thinking, they have begun to give their people a little more freedom, and it seems that more liberty is on the way. For instance, a new law on the lines of our Habeas Corpus Act is due to come into force in the next few months and there seems to be a real possibility that this law will be enforced. But there is a long way to go before Yugoslavian liberty is complete. Already one can say more or less what one wants in private, but it is dangerous to criticise in a public speech and there is no freedom of writing.

Half-finished Buildings

The Yugoslavs resent this lack of freedom, but that is not the only reason for the distrust and gloom which is widespread. After the war, Yugoslavia embarked on an ambitious plan for new factories and power stations. Many people would say that it was much too ambitious. Anyway, the result is that the country is now littered in the most astonishing way with half-built factories, uncompleted power-stations, factories with walls and roofs but no machinery, and half-built houses. A good many of these projects can probably never be finished, but even with half of them Yugoslavia could begin to prosper. The trouble is that very little is ready yet and it will be some considerable time before the country begins to see any benefit from the really terrible sacrifices which have been undergone to build all these factories and power-stations. In the meantime the shops are empty, prices are fantastically high, and food is scarce in all the towns, because the peasants do not find it worth while to bring more food into market unless there is something worth buying with their money.

Intelligent Yugoslav communists will admit that their treatment of the peasants has been one of the worst things about the regime. And it is easy to see how the mistakes have been made. Food was needed for the towns; so the peasants were ordered to supply so much at very low fixed prices, in return for which they were supposed to get industrial goods at an equally low price. The trouble is that sometimes the goods were not there and the farmer did not get what he was promised. The peasants, like other farmers, did not see much point in selling something for nothing to the Government or to anybody else, and they began something like a strike; so in retaliation, officials of the party went out into the countryside on food hunts to try to get food out of the peasants. The food was badly needed and from their own point of view the communists were merely enforcing the law, but from the point of view of the farmer they were robbers who took away from him what he had produced with his own labour.

Farming is primitive and inefficient in most parts of Yugoslavia, and most people who have thought about the problem agree that some form of co-operation is the only answer. So the communists tried to get more food by encouraging collective farms. This was a sensible idea but farmers are conservative people, and unfortunately the Yugoslav peasants got the feeling that they were being hustled into collectives; they were not given the machinery that was needed to make a success of the new scheme, and they did not have enough experience in management. Originally they were persuaded to join for three years, but now the three years are running out and many of them want to leave and dissolve the collective. Sometimes this is allowed, but at other times the party takes ruthless measures against peasants who want to leave their collective farms. The Government sees, rightly I think, that in the long run full co-operative farming is the only answer. Tractors are on the way to the collective farms, and they feel that if only the peasants can be kept collectivised for another year or two they will begin to see that the new system really does pay in the end. But of course everyone who dislikes communism, and there are plenty of such people in Yugoslavia, seizes on the collective farms as a chance to hurt the Government; so when the peasants want to dissolve a collective, the Yugoslav communists suspect at once that mischief-makers have been at work; and when that happens, the Government is apt to lose its temper and force the collective farmers to stay together. But this only increases resentment and makes the peasants still more discontented than they were before, and no end is in sight, until one day a higher level of industrial production begins to ease the stresses of Yugoslav life.

The Government of Yugoslavia has now modified the original plan of industrialisation, and all efforts are being directed to finishing a few key projects. When this is done things can begin to get better, but even these revised plans are still so vast that it will take some time before the ordinary man sees any results. In the meantime everything will remain scarce and people will go hungry. The Government's cure for these ills is to press on with their plans for new construction, and at the same time to decentralise the system of government and the organisation of industry.

In the early days of the revolution there grew up in Belgrade an army of bureaucrats on the Moscow model, who tried to run everything from the centre according to plan. This is all changed now. The Ministries in Belgrade have been drastically cut down, the Administration has been decentralised and as much as possible is left to be decided by local people in each district.

The Yugoslav communists do not believe in private enterprise, in our sense, but they do believe that they must find a system which frees the individual initiative of every working man. They do not think that Soviet Russia has done this. They have come to distrust government departments and central plans. And in order to encourage individual initiative, from the bottom up, the Yugoslavs have come to believe in piece-work—that is something that they have in common both with Russia and with America. But one comes back again and again to the same difficulty: no incentive of increased wages is worth very much until there is more to buy in the shops. It is no good trying to find short cuts. For instance, in order to make money worth more the Government has been trying to abolish rationing. The idea was to increase wages all round and allow everyone to buy freely what he wants, but this is turning out to be quite unrealistic. The shortages are so great that however you increase wages there just will not be enough to go round, if everyone is allowed freely to buy as much of everything as he wants. In fact the attempt to abolish rationing was a very amateurish piece of economics; Yugoslavia has been suffering from amateur planning.

Still, in spite of all, conditions of life are slowly getting easier—help from the west has made a great difference—and the people have been given more freedom. No doubt it is possible to give them very much greater liberty over the next year or two, and one hopes that this will be done. But one must be realistic about that problem. Yugoslavia is a threatened country, with powerful armed neighbours on her borders. The present Government took over amid fearful chaos after the war. Yugoslavia probably suffered more from the war than any other country in the world, without exception. More than one in ten of her people were killed—men, women, and children—whole districts were left deserted, and atrocious civil wars of different races and factions raged alongside the war against Germany and Italy. In 1945 the country was divided by bitter hatreds, and the best government in the world could not have repaired all these injuries in six years. And of course the Government has not been perfect. Dictatorial methods have left their mark, whole sections of the people are permanently disgruntled, and everything that goes wrong is taken as a grievance against socialism. It is only realistic to admit that a government in this position has to govern firmly and may have to use drastic methods. But firm government generally becomes harsh government and that makes people discontented. The danger is that Yugoslavia might get caught in a vicious circle, where shortages breed discontent and discontent leads the government to intensify repression, which again increases discontent and makes the shortages worse.

A Different Perspective

That is the worst possibility, but there is room for more than one view of what is happening in Yugoslavia. If you come to Belgrade from Vienna you will be very conscious of the bad side of things because you are going from one of the most civilised and charming cities in the world to a country that until yesterday remained in the Middle Ages. I am reactionary enough to think that it is a pity that the Habsburg Empire was not able to survive into the modern world, but I think the Viennese must admit that it is partly their own fault if Yugoslavia is not such an advanced country as Austria. But if you come to Yugoslavia from the east, and if you know eastern Europe, you get a very different perspective. You see plenty of the familiar backwardness and poverty, and ignorance, and disease, and primitive methods of farming—even more primitive than the Russian farming of thirty years ago—and you see most tragic traces of the series of tornadoes

which have burst over Yugoslavia in the past ten years. But at the same time you do see real signs of progress. In one region malaria has been stamped out; in another place a new railway has brought new life; there are schools everywhere, and books to read in languages that were seldom printed before the war. Racial hatreds are just beginning to die down under a government that does try to hold the balance fair between one race and another, and the whole country is united against the Soviet threat; however much resentment there may be against the present Government, there is a general feeling that Yugoslavia is better off than Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria.

It is still true that no one can get up and oppose the Government or any of its measures in public; no author can get his book published unless it is approved by the Party, and the newspapers echo the official line. The Churches have very little chance to print what they want, and a priest who says something incautious in a sermon may still be beaten to within an inch of his life, but even here things are unquestionably getting better. The churches are fuller than they were before the war,

and there is a genuine religious revival. The British and Foreign Bible Society has been allowed to start working again, and Bibles are sold as soon as they arrive in the shop or even before they arrive. There is still room for improvement, and the release of Archbishop Stepinac leaves many problems unsolved, but a door has been opened.

There are plenty of difficulties ahead, but the present leaders of Yugoslavia have shown themselves ready not only to take bold decisions but to think again when facts do not fit their expectations. They have very little of that blind dogmatism which has been the curse of Russian communism. Marshal Tito and his associates are prepared to re-examine their Marxism in the light of what actually happens. To that extent they are more scientific than the Kremlinists and this objective attitude to Marxism may take the Yugoslav communists a long way. Talk about the withering away of the State seems rather a distant prospect nowadays but already Yugoslav communists are beginning to talk about the possibility of the withering away of the Communist Party. That is music of the future if you like, but it shows that things are moving.

—Third Programme

India's First General Election

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. correspondent in Delhi

FROM now until January India will be increasingly preoccupied with the General Election—her first as an independent country. Because of the enormous size of the electorate and the vast territory, stretching from the snowbound Himalayas in the north to Cape Comorin in the tropical south, the elections have been spread over a period of four months. Different climatic conditions, the paramount importance of uninterrupted agricultural work, and administrative convenience, all had to be borne in mind. Special measures had to be undertaken for keeping law and order and for providing postal and other facilities to parties and candidates. Officials had to be trained in the mechanics of voting and electoral laws; polling booths had to be got ready, and complete lists of voters prepared for the first time—all the intricate machinery, in fact, of democratic representation.

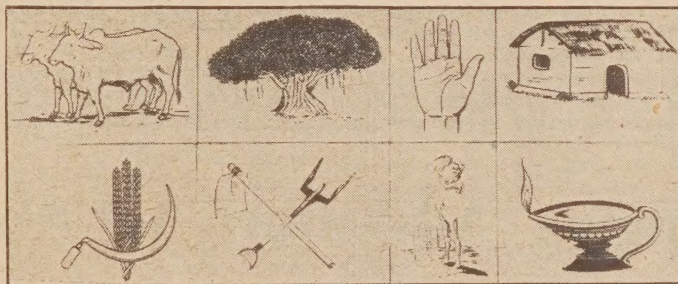
India's General Election is by far the largest ever held anywhere. The electorate—that is, all men and women over the age of twenty-one—numbers more than 176,000,000. More than 600,000,000 ballot papers have been printed, because each voter will have to vote at least twice—once for the Lower House of the Central Parliament in Delhi and once for the Legislative Assembly in his own State. The two elections are being held simultaneously. And for the voters' convenience more than 200,000 polling booths will be provided, so that except in a few mountain regions no one will have to travel very far.

First in importance is the election for the House of the People, the central Parliament in Delhi, which will have 497 members. Of these, seven will be nominated by the President, one to represent the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and six from the Indian-held part of the State of Kashmir. At the same time, the electors will vote for their own local State Legislative Assemblies, in Orissa, the Punjab, Madras, Bengal, and so on; there are twenty-two in all, with nearly 4,000 seats to be filled. When the elections are completed the State Legislative Assemblies will each constitute an electoral college to elect 200 members for the Council of State which will form the Upper House of the central Parliament in Delhi. And finally, both Houses of Parliament together with all the State Legislative Assemblies will form yet another electoral college to choose the new President of the Republic for the next five years. India's intricate legislative machine will then be complete.

The Central Election Commission which has been charged by the President with the conduct of free and impartial elections has had to

bear one or two important considerations in mind, above all the fact that eighty per cent.—that is the official estimate—of the enormous electorate can neither read nor write. Many of them, perhaps the majority, will be holding a ballot paper in their hands for the first time, because this is the first country-wide election to be held in India on a basis of adult suffrage. The structure of government at the centre, Delhi, and in the States, is fairly complex, and fourteen national political parties, together with many small local groups and independents, will be contesting the elections. All this made it imperative for the organisers to make the actual business of voting as simple as possible so that even

the most inexperienced villager would know what he was doing; and, as far as is humanly possible, the organisers seem to have succeeded. Each candidate will be represented to the voter not by name but by a familiar symbol, the symbol of his party, or his own chosen symbol if he is an independent: Congress, for example, has chosen a pair of bullocks, the Scheduled Castes Federation an elephant, and so on. These will be pasted on the outside of the respective ballot boxes. The voter enters the booth, is checked on the electoral list, his forefinger marked with in-



Some of the symbols used for the benefit of illiterates in the Indian election. Top row, left to right: Congress Party; Socialist Party; Forward Bloc; Kisan Mazdoor Praja. Bottom row: Communist Party; Revolutionary Socialists; Krishikar Lok Jan Sangh

delible ink—to make sure that he does not vote twice—and then he is given two blank voting papers. All he then has to do is to disappear behind a curtain and insert his ballot papers, first for the Assembly and then for the House of the People, in the boxes carrying the symbol of his choice. There is no writing and no reading to be done at all, except, of course, the recognition of the symbol. In certain constituencies a proportion of seats have been reserved for the Scheduled Castes, known before the term was abolished as 'the untouchables', and this makes the procedure more complicated. But when I saw the system at work in Himachal Pradesh, one of the places where voting had already begun, it went, on the whole, pretty smoothly. Some of the simple villagers in the hills were certainly mystified and overawed by the formality of voting: one or two even removed their shoes before entering the booth. But the proportion of spoilt votes was not unduly high. The most common fault was the failure to insert the ballot paper in the slit provided, when it had to be cancelled by the presiding officer.

Elaborate precautions have also been taken to ensure that the electorate can vote freely without pressure or inducement. A strict code of conduct has been laid down for all election officials, and heavy

penalties will be inflicted if the code is infringed. Candidates, too, are subject to fairly rigorous restrictions. They may not, for instance, arrange any conveyance for the voter to and from the polling booth. That is a criminal offence. Canvassing and political meetings near the polling booths are banned. Candidates and their supporters may not hold or attend a public meeting in their constituencies on polling day, and the national flag must not be exploited for party purposes. The authorities have also published a long list of 'Do's' and 'Don'ts' for voters, in which, among other things, they are told that two families should not go to the poll in "the same vehicle unless they have paid for it jointly, nor should one voter give a lift to another, and finally—a counsel of near-perfection—a voter should not tell even his closest relatives which way he voted. All he has to do after voting—the instruction tells him—is to walk back home and relax, because polling day will be a public holiday in each constituency.

The significance of the elections for India was outlined by Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister, in a nation-wide broadcast last month. He appealed particularly for a high level of propriety and decorous behaviour. Propaganda, he said, should not be personal, but should deal with policies and programmes. It should on no account be allowed to degenerate into personal criticism and abuse. Naturally, everyone wanted the person or group that he considered right to win; but the manner of winning was more important even than the result. It was better to lose in the right way than win in the wrong way. The standard that was set now, would act as a precedent and govern future elections.

It is against this background of elaborate, carefully planned arrangements and precautions that fourteen political parties and a large number of independent candidates will contest the election. By far the largest, richest, and most powerful, is the Congress Party led by Mr. Nehru. And a notable feature of the election is the absence of any other organised, country-wide political party able to compete with it on equal terms. Other parties are strong in certain areas, and if they all combine, they might certainly provide a strong opposition in parliament. Tentative efforts to join forces have been made by two or three groups, but they have not got very far, and there is confident expectation in Congress circles that they will still emerge as the dominant party, although perhaps with diminished support.

Members of the Congress Party admit today that the organisation has lost some of the impetus and cohesion which gave it strength in pre-partition days when the struggle for independence was the one overriding aim. In recent years there have been many defections from the ranks. Ministers and prominent members have resigned to form their own parties, and, in some important states, the selection of

Congress candidates has led to serious conflict within the party. But because of its long history, its well-knit organisation, even in the remote villages of India, and Mr. Nehru's great prestige among the masses, even the critics of Congress believe that it will still emerge as the strongest party. It goes to the electorate with a programme which is, in effect, a continuation of the Government's policy over the past four years. Its election manifesto is a fairly general document. Economic progress in the country must be given first priority, and for this, planned development is essential and will be continued. Small-scale and cottage industries are to be encouraged. There will be room for private enterprise, while basic industries will be controlled by the state. A mixed economy, in fact, is the aim. India is to remain a secular state in which there is no distinction between caste, religion, or creed. Continued efforts will be made to raise the standard of living of the people. In the sphere of foreign policy, the manifesto says: 'India has followed an independent line in her own interest and the interest of world peace. A policy which', it claims, 'has borne fruit and should be continued'.

The other parties in the field are too numerous to mention in detail. They range from extreme right to extreme left. The Hindu Mahasabha and the Jan Sangh both have their roots in militant Hindu traditions which they want to see renewed and strengthened in present-day India. They stand well to the right of Congress and they have often been criticised by Mr. Nehru for their emphasis on what he calls their 'communal policy'—the priority they gave to followers of the Hindu religion. Jan Sangh, however, polled heavily in the recent Delhi municipal elections. The Socialist Party upholds the philosophy of similar parties in the west with a special application to conditions in India: more housing, more nationalisation, a greater degree of social security, and a capital levy. These are some of its aims. The Sikhs, under Master Tara Singh, are putting up their own candidates in the Punjab under the banner of the Akali Dal, a party that is advocating a separatist movement—the establishment of a Punjabi-speaking province in which Sikhs will predominate and their rights be safeguarded.

Finally, the Scheduled Castes Federation, under Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar, who recently resigned as Law Minister, is waging its own campaign for the rights of the 'Untouchables' in particular. The Federation argues that although these rights are guaranteed in the Constitution, discrimination against them still persists. Over a wider field, the Federation's manifesto calls for a reduction of expenditure on the armed forces; an end to prohibition in India; the partition of Kashmir; and a change in India's policy towards China. 'India', it says, 'should look to her own affairs, and not fight other people's battles by advocating China's entry into the United Nations'.—*General Overseas Service*

Bringing Adventure to Africa

By ALEC DICKSON

I HAVE been spending the past few months trying to bring adventure to Africa. This may seem like carrying coals to Newcastle: after all, the words 'safari' and 'trekking' breathe an atmosphere of adventure to most people. But most people are probably thinking of the old Africa—the Africa of spear and shield, of leopard hunts and tribal raids. There is another Africa emerging now, of thousands of youths leaving school, many of them inadequately educated, and most of them determined at all costs not to return to their father's farm or the village in the bush, but yearning for office jobs. It is 'into the town'—not 'back to the land'—they want to go. If you see the unsuccessful ones at the street corner in Lagos or Accra, with dark glasses and ex-American Army hats, with cast-off European clothes and not a few cast-off ideas, too, you cannot help feeling disturbed. They remind you too much of the same sort of young men, only with white skins instead of dark skins, that you see hanging around the street corners of any big city at home. Even if you get to know the fortunate ones—the young clerks and teachers poring over correspondence courses by the light of hurricane lamps in the hope of getting a scholarship or promotion—you still feel that something has gone out of their lives and that Africa is the poorer for it. You cannot build up a country on ping-pong and politics alone.

So a colleague and myself, serving in the Cameroons, decided to

have a try at taking some of the young Africans working for the Missions and Colonial Government and giving them an experience or training that would stir some sense of adventure in them and open their eyes to the possibilities they had of helping their own people. We got our inspiration from the idea of the Outward Bound Trust schools which have pioneered this kind of training in Britain. The old hands predicted dismal failure—and it seemed at first as though they were going to be right. The four leading young men who had accepted nomination for the opening course in one area just were not there when the lorry called to fetch them. One had forgotten an important engagement, another felt he could not leave his wife, whilst the others had just 'gone for Bush'. We felt rather like the man in the parable who wished to give a banquet. Later we discovered that the rumour had gone round that we were secretly training young Africans for the war in Korea. They had got this idea from the name of the spot chosen for the training—'Man-o'-War Bay'—though this name in fact dated back more than 100 years when our men-o'-war used to sail out from the sheltered bay to catch the slave-traders running 'black ivory' across to the island of Fernando Po.

Anyway, our first course did get going, and we undertook, as the high-light of the training, an expedition up Mount Cameroon—which is nearly as high as the Matterhorn, but fortunately a good deal

less precipitous. I cannot say that this climb was looked forward to by all our young trainees. Mount Cameroon has, of course, been climbed dozens of times before, but it has never been climbed, I think, by a procession of fifty young clerks and teachers, starting in the pitch-blackness of night, many of them laying a hand on the other's shoulder, most of them frankly apprehensive. Some of them were distinctly alarmed—so we discovered later—by a rumour put about by some of the locals, to the effect that beyond a certain point the mountainside was white with human bones. I think I suffered as much as anyone, because we had dispensed with porters and I found it not only almost impossible to balance my kit on my head, as the others did, but distinctly painful, as I am 'thin on top'.

'It's the Will that Counts'

It was midnight when we got to the first hut, 6,000 feet up. The next day, by pleading and jeering, by cajoling and threatening, we got half the party to the summit, over 13,000 feet up, wrapped in cloud and lashed by an icy wind that is all the more fierce when one has climbed from the sweltering, tropical sea-level. But it was the following evening, back in camp, when we held our 'post-mortem', that the real interest began to emerge. Had anything been learnt at all? Up stood the smallest man (in stature, I mean) on the course—a young teacher from a training college. 'The first thing I've learnt', he said, speaking precisely but with transparent sincerity, 'is that what I've been teaching in the schools for years—without of course ever believing in it myself—is really true: it is colder the higher you get—though of course it oughtn't to be', he added. 'But let me tell you', he continued, 'what I discovered in myself. When I left my post to come on this course, I hadn't any clear idea of what the training was for: but I did vow to myself that if there were an expedition up Mount Cameroon, I'd climb it. Well, climb it I did, and though I'm the smallest, I got there first. So what I've discovered is this—it isn't the body that counts, but the will'. I thought then we had had our reward.

But, really, is there much point in organising this kind of experience in Africa today? It was an African paper itself which put this question, in a rather scathing article condemning 'this adventure business'. On Easter Monday we had rounded Cape Nachtigal, in a rather tricky sea in which long, narrow canoes such as ours have been known to capsizé. On the bottom of the canoe lay some of our lads—some weeping, some praying. It was the day after that we received copies of this Lagos paper, attacking our scheme on the grounds that the country's prime need was for full bellies and more scholarships—not for exotic foreign conceptions like training for adventure. That evening I found three letters lying on my desk, ready for franking. They were quite 'unsolicited' and written by our students to the paper. Two of them described their experience in the canoe the previous day, making no bones about the terror they had felt, but adding: 'We wouldn't have missed it for anything'. I wish Dr. Trevelyan, the historian, could have read the third letter, for it actually quoted him as saying: 'Without the instinct for adventure in young men, any civilisation, however enlightened, and any State, however well ordered, must wilt and wither'.

Learning by Doing

Obviously this idea of adventure means something different to young Africans from what it means to us. Lighting a fire in the open is a commonplace chore to the African, whilst the tropical bush—the idea of which so enthralled the English boy—is something the African boy wants to escape from. Looking for work as a house-boy in Lagos may hold for him all the prospects of excitement that the backwoodsman's life does for the English lad. In another way, over here the schoolboy's hero may be a Captain Scott or a Dick Barton: to the African, ambition may centre round the lawyer or the lorry-driver, or even the office clerk. No, it would have been futile to try to interest these young men in adventure for adventure's sake: and, in fact, that was not our aim. Our job in Africa is to train Africans to run their own countries, and we wanted them to learn by doing, not just from the book. It was not enough for them to nod their heads sagely whilst senior officials lectured on the nutritional benefits of including fish in the native diet: we took them out to sea to catch the fish themselves. We did not believe it was enough for them to note furiously in their exercise books how the local development corporation was organised: so we took them out at dawn into the plantations to cut bananas and help load them at the wharf-side. Perhaps most important of all, we

did not believe it was enough for them to sit debating what the Colonial Government should do for rural development—they had to see what they themselves could do, with pick and shovel, to build a village road or make a bridge. It is rather depressing to reflect that almost every tribe in Africa had an effective system for training their youth—until we came along with our books and schools and Oxford and Cambridge examination syllabuses. And they had a system of age-groups responsible for certain services to the community. But all that is dying out. And now the idea of privilege—the privilege of being educated—simply does not bring any sense of obligation to the community to most of these young men. Of course, some Africans do realise what we are out for, and we could never have started this without their enthusiastic help.

If there were moments of despair in this experiment, there were also moments of triumph. There was a moment like this on the last afternoon of our first course, when we had tugged all day in the tropical sun at immense trunks of ironwood, the heaviest timber in Africa: suddenly, by an ingenious trick of our African instructor's, these three-ton logs were dropped exactly into the masonry niches that we had worked at so hard in the previous days—and, lo! there was a bridge where none had been before. Then there was a pandemonium of delight; our teachers and traders and clerks became in an instant the tribal Africans once more, and nothing further could be done until the group photograph, that modern trophy, had been taken. We had already had a lot of satisfaction earlier in the day, when our team had held up the plantation managers driving to their offices, and we had caught sight of pale, impatient faces at the backs of cars, peering testily over the pages of their airmail copies of *The Times*.

Sense of Common Citizenship

Our aim had been to encourage a more robust attitude amongst young Africans, and a sense of common citizenship. But we found after a while that we ourselves, the Europeans, were appearing in a new light. On the second day of the training I found a diary lying about. I had to look inside, to find out whose it was, and there my eye caught this entry: 'Arrived here late last night—out early this morning at work—the Europeans labouring with us!!!' This, in African eyes, was *news*. The fact is, in West Africa at any rate, the Africans do not see many of us working with our hands—though they may have to listen, at school speech-days and at openings of Legislative Council, to senior officials talking about the dignity of labour. They note, though, that the salaries of those who work in offices in Africa are considerably higher than the pay of those who work in the bush. But—deeper than this—is the problem of human contact. There are thousands more of us British in Africa today than there were thirty years ago, but somehow we have become remoter. We have to do so much more office work than we did that a curtain of bureaucracy often separates the African from us, and when we are outside the office we seem, in his eyes, to be for ever disappearing in a whirl of dust in our cars. To find some of us alongside them in this experiment was a revelation to many of them. And it was of immense value to us. For although we are so good generally in our relations with the primitive tribesmen, we feel a great deal less at our ease with the new class of educated young Africans.

I think the Governor of Nigeria, Sir John Macpherson, sensed this when he visited our training centre at Man-o'-war Bay in May. He was accompanied, as Governors are on these occasions, by a crowd of distinguished officers, and he had had a long and tiring day in tropical heat. As the party neared the little jetty, where some of our young men were swimming, I fired the question I had already prepared: 'Would your Excellency join them for a swim?' His Excellency paused: 'Why, yes', he replied—and within a minute or so he had stripped and dived in amongst them. One young African—an ardent nationalist—who had not realised what had happened, shook the water from his eyes and surveying the cortege of senior officials standing on the quayside, asked me: 'Which is the Governor, Sir?' A voice beside him in the water replied: 'That's me!' I think it could be said of the Governor that day that he had plunged to conquer.—*Home Service*

Recently the voluntary workers of 'Periodicals for Refugees' had to stop work for lack of material. The aim of the organisation is to send suitable periodicals to displaced persons in the camps in Germany and Austria. Persons willing to supply serious magazines and newspapers should send their name and address on a postcard to the Secretary, 'Periodicals for Refugees', 5 Southampton Place, London, W.C.1.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Fairy tales à la mode

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

Into 1952

NINETEEN-FIFTY-ONE has been in Britain a year of festival and also of a general election. The last days of the Festival of Britain were overshadowed by His Majesty's illness. It is a matter of deep satisfaction to his peoples that he has so far recovered as to be able to record his customary Christmas broadcast. After the ending of the Festival too we were confronted by one of those 'dollar crises' which appear to be of common recurrence in the post-war world. Nevertheless the Old Year need not be regarded as unsatisfactory. The Festival of Britain showed us as well as our visitors that the inventive genius and artistic powers of British people are far from exhausted. In particular the South Bank exhibition, at which some of our younger designers and sculptors were allowed a fair chance, was a disclosure of much ingenuity and a wealth of talent. In the theatre (though the number of new playwrights is small), in the concert hall, and at the ballet other manifestations of British art were agreeably displayed, culminating in Benjamin Britten's 'Billy Budd', which our music critic discusses again in this number. If we leave aesthetics for economics, we should not perhaps droop our heads too low. We must take careful account of what the party leaders say about the present situation and each other; but let anyone who is inclined to unrelieved gloom re-read the press and periodicals of twenty years ago.

Pessimistic people will no doubt reply: 'All that is very well, but even if we were to admit—which we don't—that things at home are not quite as bad as they might be, still what about the international outlook?' It is of course true that while the world is divided into two hostile and suspicious camps no one can regard the future with equanimity. But even here something may be argued on the other side. The Prime Minister has said that the situation today is not as critical as it was in 1948, and probably Opposition leaders would accept this. Though peace has not yet come in Korea, at least the prolonged armistice negotiations have raised our hopes. Moreover, looking at the question historically, when have British statesmen not been perturbed by threats to the balance of power in the world? In the eighteenth century France was the enemy; through much of the nineteenth it was Russia, and for another fifty years it was Germany. To state the matter bluntly, it is not the international situation but the inventions of the scientists who have made weapons of war so much more destructive that puts a blight upon the present generation. And even then some people wonder whether we are not too much a prey to our fears. One dread of the 'thirties was the use of poison gas in war; but in the last war gas was not used.

Historians who are also Christians have a tendency to accept a sombre outlook for the future of the world and to tell us, as Arnold Toynbee did, in a broadcast which we published the other week, that 'man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward'. Professor Herbert Butterfield in his latest book speaks of the tragic element in history caused by the fact that the great international struggles are not really between right and wrong but between two rights. It is for many an acceptable doctrine that to know all is to forgive all, and it is certainly useful to be reminded that the suspicion which Russians today feel for the Western Powers is partly the result of the historical events of 1919. Christians are furnished with the consolation that on the one side is original sin, on the other an after-life. But not all of them will acquiesce in the fatalistic approach of our Christian professors of history. Let us turn towards 1952 in good heart. Let us believe that nations, like peoples, can be united as well as divided.

IN THIS AGE OF international tension, few commentators feel disposed to view the advent of Christmas as an occasion for concentrating their thoughts on things appropriate to this festival of peace and goodwill. Indeed, in many countries behind the Iron Curtain the communist authorities have substituted the words 'winter holiday' for the Christian word 'Christmas', and in some countries (Rumania, for one), the people are not allowed to have a holiday at all at Christmas.

The nearest approach to the subject of Christmas in commentaries from behind the Iron Curtain last week concerned the place of the fairy tale in the new ideology. A broadcast from Deutschlandsender in the Soviet zone of Germany described the fairy tale as 'a realistic people's art in fantastic form'; but the imperialist forms of fairy tales had fostered cruelty and contempt for other races. The brothers Grimm were, in particular, taken to task in this broadcast: they had 'exaggerated gruesome details and brought in mystical features'. Recourse to the original stories was therefore necessary, and fortunately some had already been 'prepared'—Red Riding Hood and Cinderella, among others. Young pioneers, continued the broadcast, often had 'fairy tale hours', at which stories involving hunger, for example, could be discussed in terms of the undernourishment of the people in the past, and supplemented by explanations of the teachings of Michurin and Lysenko.

Turning from the sublime to the ridiculous, broadcasts from countries under Soviet domination last week poured forth adulation in honour of Stalin's seventy-second birthday on December 21. A typical comment came from Bucharest radio, quoting the communist paper *Scanteia*:

Nobody has done so much for the release of the working people from the chains of bondage or for the liberation of mankind from the disaster of war as have Lenin and Stalin, the greatest personalities in the history of all time. The working people of this country cherish ardent gratitude for Stalin for his warm paternal care and for the immense many-sided support of the Soviet Union.

Meanwhile, from Rumania and other countries broadcasts spoke at length about the spies allegedly being dropped by the Americans in various countries behind the Iron Curtain—allegations timed to coincide with the discussions last week in the United Nations of the Soviet complaint about the United States Mutual Security Act. Coupled with these allegations, and cries of 'aggression', the broadcasts claimed that the peoples stood firmly united behind their leaders and had no desire to be liberated. On the other hand, pleas were made for vigilance in face of the 'traitors, spies and saboteurs' in the midst of these 'united' peoples. Budapest radio, reporting a statement by Foreign Minister Kiss on the American aircraft shot down over Hungary and on the 'diversionists' said to have been dropped by another American plane in Rumania, stated that no sane person could accept the American explanation. He added:

We shall not allow those who incessantly and hypocritically prate about freedom, the rights of man and civilised behaviour, clandestinely to attack our security and to organise espionage, sabotage and fascist plots.

Another Hungarian broadcast, quoting a speech by Revai at the unveiling of a statue to Stalin in Budapest, likewise declared that Hungary's 'former masters' would never have an opportunity to subjugate the country: 'We are, and shall remain, free'. He repeated this sentiment again and again in the course of declaring that Stalin's statue would for ever proclaim that it was the Russian leader who had given the Hungarians their freedom, independence, and the opportunity to exercise their 'creative energies'. Thousands of workers, he added, would yearly march past the statue and thus indelibly fix in their minds that only by following 'the Stalin road' could they ensure their country's unity and prosperity.

From the United States, a number of newspapers were quoted as discussing Mr. Churchill's forthcoming visit to America and as applauding the British Government for its 'reassuring decisions in its economic policy'. The *San Francisco Chronicle* was quoted for this tribute:

The courage shown by the British Conservative Government in its decision to pay 176,000,000 dollars in debt instalments to the U.S. and Canada will be rewarded by the strengthening of faith between partners... Their decision will have gained them in intangibles far more than it will cost them in money.

Did You Hear That?

DIZZY HEIGHTS

'AMONG OTHER OBSTACLES to be overcome in climbing Mount Everest', said DR. BRIAN MATTHEWS in 'Science Survey', 'by far the greatest is that provided by the difficulty of human life and muscular work at heights above 25,000 feet.

'The atmosphere at this height is rapidly fatal to a man who is acclimatised to sea-level: at 27,000 feet death will occur in under an hour. Nevertheless, acclimatised men have climbed to at least 28,000 feet, and this brings into prominence the great changes that occur in men during acclimatisation which enable them to survive if they spend some weeks in the ascent: if rapid ascent were possible, as in a balloon or flying machine, the same height would kill them.

'At these heights the principal lack in the atmosphere is a sufficient pressure of oxygen: at 27,000 feet the barometric pressure falls to a third of that at sea-level but the air remains of the same composition. The effects of oxygen-lack are very well known. The two most striking are impaired functioning of the brain and muscular weakness. The former leads to loss of judgment and intelligence, and particularly to loss of any critical insight by the sufferer into his own condition. The latter is seen by the greatly reduced capacity for muscular work. But during

the process of acclimatisation these disabilities are reduced by three adaptations on the part of the body. Most noticeable in the acclimatised man is his deep and fast breathing. The respiratory system becomes able to carry this on because the kidneys get rid of some of the alkali reserve normally carried in the blood, and so the air in the lungs is changed more frequently. Less obvious, but equally valuable, is the increase in the amount of red colouring matter in the blood, haemoglobin, and in the number of oxygen-carrying cells which transport oxygen from the lungs to all parts of the body. Lastly, changes occur in the component cells of the body, enabling them to work at unaccustomed low-oxygen pressures.

'Now even the fully acclimatised man can only climb and work slowly; for each step taken he must breathe several times to collect enough oxygen to go on. While climbing, the muscles use up oxygen and so leave less for the brain. As a result, a minute's rest is often necessary before a skilled action can be effected. For example, when taking photographs at great heights the ordinary settings of a camera need far more concentration than lower down. One climber looked at the camera he was carrying but could not even think what it was for and did not use it. This slowing up of all mental and physical processes puts the climber at a great disadvantage should an emergency arise. While the loss of muscular power and slow working are so evident that they are allowed for in planning a high mountain expedition, the effect of oxygen-lack on the brain is far more insidious, for the sufferer is usually little aware of it. We do not yet know whether an acclimatised man could even retain intelligent control of his body to climb at 29,000 feet, but it is certain that this is very near the limit where this ceases to be possible'.

A ROOF-GARDENER

'My garden does not boast of anything unusual in the way of flowers', said NOEL BLAKISTON in a Home Service talk. 'There being little shelter either from sun or wind, it is for the most part only the tougher and more commonplace kinds of plants that thrive there: snapdragon, lobelia, tobacco, verbena, evening primroses. The carnations were a great success last summer, and went on flowering into November; the-

petunias were somewhat dashed by the wind, my chief enemy. Growing in a large, flat tray, portulacas and mesembryanthemums are bright with orange and magenta in the burning glare of the afternoon, when their paler neighbours are drained of all colour and the tobaccos are drooping in exhaustion. A polygonum, generally alive with sparrows, lies in a luxurious tangle over the fencing at the end, making it possible for the younger generation, without the erection of further barriers, to expose itself without shame to the midday sun.

'For me, the evening is the best time, when the stocks and tobaccos are smelling sweet and the evening primroses are uncurling themselves.

Then, just before sunset, a remarkable thing happens. The starlings come over. At first, there are perhaps two or three, single ones, outriders. Then the flocks, some hundreds no doubt to a flock, flying together, yet in no formation, and appearing, even on the calmest evening, to be caught in gusts and eddies of wind. They are in an immense hurry, too breathless a multitude for much chattering on the way. Flock after flock comes at us out of the yellow sky, with a whirring of wings, just over our heads no higher than the chimneys. That was the end, we say at length, when three or four minutes have passed since the last battalion went over. It is almost dark now. Suddenly the rearward of this extraordinary



Eugène Paillès, chief cheese-taster of Roquefort, selecting cheeses for different markets

army comes at us out of the twilight. It swerves on seeing us, then hurries onward, in a ragged streak, to join in the squabble for roosting places, about two and a half miles further on, in Trafalgar Square.

'For as you will have guessed, my garden is not in the country. It is a roof garden in the middle of London. *Rus in urbe*. People say what fun it must be, to have a roof garden, but isn't it awfully dirty—smoke and things? It is dirty, of course, but no dirtier than anywhere else in London. It is no worse than the ground level, and though there are eight chimneys on each side of the roof we are hardly troubled by smoke, for nobody cooks off coal nowadays nor, at times when it is mild enough to be on the roof, are rooms being warmed by coal fires. Boilers are heated by coke and give off unpleasant fumes only at the actual time of lighting. The roof gardener, in fact, has little to fear from smoke'.

KING OF FRENCH CHEESES

'In the first century A.D.', said COLIN WYATT in a Home Service talk, 'Pliny the Elder served Roquefort to his guests in his villa outside Rome; in one of his writings he says that the City of Rome awarded the first prize, the *laus praecipua*, for Roman provincial cheeses to Roquefort. Some 800 years later, the Emperor Charlemagne was sheltered by one of the bishops of the region, who served him with some Roquefort which he enjoyed so much that in future he received a mule-load of cheese from him once a year. Thus Roquefort which began as the cheese of the Caesars became later the cheese of emperors and kings. In the eleventh century the caves were owned by the Knights Templar, and after them by the Knights of Malta.

'During the Hundred Years' War, on September 16, 1470, King Charles VI of France gave a royal patent to the people of Roquefort to protect the name from being pirated by other villages. This patent was confirmed by many other French kings up to Louis XIV and XV, and guaranteed by many acts of parliament. It was finally confirmed in modern times in 1925, when a French government decree ordered that Roquefort must be "ripened in the caves of the village of Roquefort in accordance with local practice, loyal and constant"'.
'Roquefort is a product of tradition and craftsmanship handed down

from father to son for generations, and from family to family. One of the most important men in the Caves of Roquefort is seventy-five-year-old Eugène Paillès, whose forebears have been tasting Roquefort for well over 300 years. Paillès supervises production and tastes each batch of cheese to decide to which market it should go. Three things are needed to make Roquefort so completely distinctive a cheese, first of all the fact that it is made of ewe's milk, secondly the peculiar formation of the great underground caves in which it is ripened—they are unlike any other caves—and, lastly, a very special microscopic mushroom, the *penicillium Roqueforti*, a very close relation of the penicillin of medicine, which destroys acids in the curd and gives Roquefort its smoothness. Due to the special atmospheric conditions of the caves this little mushroom has so modified itself that it cannot survive if transplanted to other caves.

Countless aeons ago Roquefort was part of the floor of a vast gulf of the Mediterranean Sea, until some geological upheaval thrust it up to become the great limestone plateau that it now is, 2,500 feet high, and cut by deep valleys. Then, some 90,000 years ago, a huge mass of cliff above one of the valleys slipped down on the layer of water-bearing clay underneath, and the upper part split into a series of pinnacles and fissures which went right down for hundreds of feet to the clay. It was on the northern face of the valley, cool and shady; the prevailing breezes come from the south and blow across the tops of the pinnacles, sending draughts of air right down to the bottom where they hit the moist clay, become cooled, and circulate up again. In so doing the air of the caves renews itself two or three times an hour, in such a way that, year in year out, the temperature never varies more than one degree from 47 degrees Fahrenheit.

Up to 1792 the seeding of the *penicillium* happened naturally through the air circulation in the caves, but then a systematic seeding of it was begun to get more even results and a quicker development, that reduced the time of ripening to three months. At the end of the last century machines were installed that pierced the cheeses with long needles to allow a better and more even penetration of the *penicillium*. Nowadays it is artificially sown on barley bread left in the caves. Selected layers of this are then broken down, examined microscopically and refined, and an almost impalpable powder of spores obtained for ripening the cheeses and giving them their characteristic blue veining all through the inside.

THE WORK OF JAMES COWIE

Speaking in 'Arts Review', in the Scottish Home Service, of James Cowie's work recently on show in Edinburgh, ALISTAIR MCCHEYNE said:

'Assuming that paintings are blends of a certain amount of vision and a certain amount of craftsmanship, and then considering these two things as they exist in James Cowie's work, we find first, I think, that his vision is a highly personal one, and rather a strange one.

'It is not the kind, perhaps, that is destined to attract a large audience or to bring about ever-increasing sales, for Mr. Cowie does not, as it were, step out of his canvases to meet us with friendly robustness or warmth of spirit: rather, he remains at some incredible distance from us—aloof, solemn as a hearse, and dreaming dreams which are always strange, always unsmiling and, sometimes, quite moving. No word of that need, of course, be taken as condemnation, for it is simply a statement of my preference for a more cheerful mood; indeed, much of what I have just said about Mr. Cowie I might well say of Greco, or Grünewald, or William Blake. While it is undoubtedly true to say that Mr. Cowie's interest lies much more with linear arrangement than with spatial design, and with fond preciseness of execution rather than with gusto, his exhibition did, nevertheless, give some delightful revelation of a freer and more spacious style.

'Concerning the second of the broad headings I mentioned earlier, namely craftsmanship, are there, I wonder, any hard and fast rules governing the artist's use of his materials? Whether or no, I feel

that Mr. Cowie uses pencil rather often as brush and, conversely, brush as pencil. For example, among these often very distinguished drawings are some where the pencil has been pressed so far into the task of explaining solidity, local colour, and texture that the result is, I think, more painting than drawing: and finally there are those oil-paintings compelling in many ways, and yet whose insistence on line makes them seem rather brittle and unflexible for the medium'.

SAVING THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

The Palace of Versailles is now in danger of falling into ruin. Since the gift of £750,000, put up by the Rockefeller Foundation a quarter of a century ago, very little has been spent on this seventeenth-century palace, and now things have reached a stage where the equivalent of £5,000,000 will have to be spent if it is to be saved. THOMAS CADETT explained in 'Radio Newsreel' that although the structure as a whole looks solid enough from the outside, those who look after the Palace are aware of the unpleasant truth.

'Everywhere beams, joists, rafters and other forms of supporting woodwork are rotting away', he added. 'In some cases treatment will be enough, but all too often entirely new material will have to be put in. One of the show places there is the Opera House, built for Louis XV in 1770, to mark the marriage of the Dauphin with Marie-Antoinette. It still has the original scene-shifting machinery in good working order, but the roof is a very different matter. Work is beginning at once on this particular building. Half of the £300,000 that the work will cost is being raised by the Municipal Casino at Enghien, outside Paris, or rather, the money is being contributed by those who gamble there. The rest will probably come from the State.

'But clearly, in order to embark on the full programme of restoration, those concerned must know that the money will be forthcoming. And how to raise close on £5,000,000 is a problem that has still to be settled. At the moment, M. Cornu, the Secretary of State for Fine Arts, is considering the possibility of asking official permission to float a loan. In any event, it is generally taken for granted that some means or other of saving a national and, in fact, an international treasure will be found'.



In a recent edition of 'The Eye-witness', Léonide Massine, who did the choreography of the ballet 'Donald of the Burthens', now being performed at Covent Garden, and others concerned in the production were interviewed. The photograph shows Alexander Grant, who plays the leading part

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN

Speaking in 'London Letter' in the North American Service, apropos Noel Coward's new play 'Relative Values', GILES PLAYFAIR said: 'Trying to live like an aristocrat in these post-war days is fairly tough going. I cannot say I have ever really mixed with the aristocracy, but I do remember spending a week-end at a large country house before the war, and, except that the heating was not up to much, it was more luxurious than the most luxurious hotel.

'I happen to have spent a recent week-end at a country house, not such a big one, but a very beautiful one, dating back to Queen Elizabeth's time. My hostess had telephoned me beforehand, and said could I possibly spare her a little oleo-margarine. There were five guests, besides myself. We carried our own bags to our rooms, and there was no question of having them packed or unpacked for us. There was no question, either, of being served with breakfast in bed or even of being called in the mornings. But we were provided with three excellent square meals a day, and we all agreed afterwards that it was a magnificent achievement to have entertained such a large house party so well. One of the guests was a member of the recent Labour Government, and I have been wondering ever since whether he is the member referred to in this announcement from Madame Tussauds, the waxworks exhibition. "Nine members of the new Cabinet will be on show before Christmas", the announcement said. "They will replace Mr. Attlee's Cabinet, which is to form a separate tableau entitled 'Labour Opposition'. Owing to limited space, one socialist, whose identity is a secret, must be melted down to provide room for the new Government'".

Journey in the Middle East—III

The Communal Settlements in Galilee

By JULIAN DUGUID

'STAVIT', if she will allow me to say so, was a strangely undistinguished-looking cow. She was a half-bred black and white Friesian, whose sire was a Damascus bull, though her back was straight and not humped. Her expression was patient and sad, as if she had suffered disappointment. This was true enough, in all seriousness. The most famous beast in Israel, one of the dozen best milkers in the world, she had been promised her portrait on a postage-stamp. Now, at the age of seventeen, she stood in her private stall and stared across the Jordan valley to the high, bare peaks of Hermon. Her milk still flowed fantastically. Her fifteen children surrounded her. She was petted and loved by all. Yet a cancellation-



On a co-operative farm in Galilee

mark on letters, even though it brought her name into every house in Israel, was not the same as a portrait. She chewed it over in the sunlight and thought poorly of politicians. Her *kibbutz* was inclined to agree with her.

All through the mountains of Galilee you will find these Jewish *kibbutzim*. They are in every state of development: just starting, struggling, and established. They are as much a part of the country as the fat, little speckled owls that blink on the roadside mile posts, the lizards with thin, long necks that peer from behind the rocks, or the brown and white hovering kingfishers that haunt the Lake of Tiberias. These *kibbutzim* are a fascinating study, and I visited five or six of them. 'Stavit's' was on the top of a hill, and had been running for twenty-five years. She had come to it as a calf, when it was still in Arab territory and she had seen it grow into Israel. It was a scene of fighting in the war when the Arabs invaded the land which they still regard as their own, and several Jews were killed there. It is a pioneer frontier guard, within a few miles of Lebanon and looking straight over into Syria. Right beneath it is the Hula Lake, where there is sometimes border-shooting, and which Israelis are trying to drain.

Kibbutzim are communal settlements with certain unalterable rules. They were formed

in the early days, when a steady trickle of Jews came out to Palestine to farm. They left the ghettos of Poland, the slums of Russia or New York, and laboured in the sunlight of Galilee. They were driven by their Zionist ideals to redeem the land of their ancestors by a fierce personal toil. As one of them said to me, smilingly: 'It isn't necessary for a Zionist to be crazy, but it helps'. Such a mystical approach to the soil brought its own shape of farming. The physical set-up was tough. A group of men and women would move into unused country, often on the top of a hill, and resolve to make it blossom. No human waste was excusable. The women were needed, too, so the children were cared for apart while their mothers worked in the fields. For the same exacting reason everybody ate together. There was no home life as we know it because it took up too much labour. The communal settlements were the fruit of the pressures of life on the frontier. They also appealed to the type of mind which finds peace in the brotherhood of a monastery. Today, the smallest of the *kibbutzim* has a population of sixty: the largest as many as 2,000. They regard themselves as families.

The *kibbutz* where 'Stavit' lives was already settled and prosperous. Eight hundred people dwelt there; and, physically, it was not unlike an English holiday camp. There was a huge communal dining-hall; there were rows of concrete huts among the pine trees; and the children had separate quarters with their own well-trained staff. I was shown all round the place by a Russian Jewess named Yetta. Yetta had gone to New York with her parents at the age of eight; but the perpetual scramble for money had driven her out to Palestine. She was a tiny, forceful woman within a year or two of fifty, and I found her behind the potting-shed pricking seedlings into empty petrol-tins. She was the head gardener of the place, and clearly she loved her work. When she understood what I wanted, she wiped a smudge from her face and lit a cigarette. She spoke of the early days, when there were only forty people and 'Stavit' had not been born. Times were really hard in the beginning. They were surrounded by uneven-tempered Arabs. There was no piped water from the springs; and they suffered much from malaria. Now, they were improving their property with every year that passed.

She took me first to see the children. From the very moment they

School of a Jewish *kibbutz* or communal settlement

are born they are taken away from their parents. The mothers nurse them, of course, but the babies sleep in the nursery wing, and trained nurses look after them. When old enough, they enter the school, whose teachers are specially selected from the most able women in the *kibbutz*. The teachers themselves are prepared in official government centres. It is felt that nothing is too good for the rising generation. They have the best the *kibbutz* has to offer, in food, in clothes, in education. One of their boys was so promising that they sent him to college in America. When he returns in four years' time, he will repay their careful investment by the knowledge he will be able to pass on to them. They think of themselves as a family, and they push their brightest members.

Parents and Children

When I asked if the parents minded this separation from their children, Yetta smiled a little wryly. Why all the fuss? She pointed out, quite truthfully, that this was a pattern of living with which the wealthy had always been familiar. Rich children were kept in a nursery in the care of skilful servants and came downstairs when they were wanted. That was what happened here. After a day's work in the fields, in the laundry, in the communal kitchen, the parents had their shower-baths and were anxious to see their children. They could see them as often as they liked; and there was no lack of affection. Indeed, they were more affectionate because they were not cluttered up with too many children and too little time in a small and overcrowded kitchen. Parents and children met each other under the best possible conditions, with nothing to irritate the relationship. She added that, if proof were needed, many children had grown up and married and now had children of their own. In the twenty-five years of its existence, not one person had left the *kibbutz* after once becoming a member, except to marry into another. For one reason, or perhaps for none at all, few children of a *kibbutz* had been known to marry each other. They found their mates in different *kibbutzim*, up and down the Jordan valley.

A great deal of care is taken about who shall join a *kibbutz*. It is a deliberately family atmosphere; and a few discordances could wreck it. When no private money is allowed; when everything earned is in common; and when even one's clothes and tobacco are taken from the common store; when each person has to abide by decisions taken by the majority, it is important that people should like each other. So anyone can come to a *kibbutz* and see if he feels he fits in. But a full year must pass before he is eligible for membership. He can leave whenever he wishes, but two-thirds of the whole community must vote him one of the family before he can really join. Similarly, two-thirds must vote him out if his conduct is later in question. For those without personal ambition and for those who feel most creative when improving the common lot, the *kibbutz* system works. Of course, it has its difficulties. One is that more men than women appear to answer its call. Another is that, with the country deep in a food shortage, they have to live on rations. They take a slightly defensive pride in assuring the passing townsman that they eat no more than he does. The position is neatly summed up in one of those acid stories with which the Jew delights to mock himself.

It seems that an American Jewess came out to visit a *kibbutz*. She was one of those irritating women who are all flowers and vapour and, borne on the wings of fantasy, can see no snags at all. She was overwhelmed by the grandeur of everyone working for all; and she bored and annoyed her hosts by refusing to recognise their hardships. On the evening before she left, she insisted on assembling the *kibbutz* in the big central meeting-room and she made an impassioned speech. Never had she seen such a wonderful spirit of sharing! It had gone straight to her heart. When she returned to the States, she would like to do something for them. What would they wish her to send? There was a moment's pause, and then a tired male voice said: 'Send us some women'. She blushed a little, and stammered. No, that wasn't exactly what she had in mind. She was thinking more of food parcels. What kind of food would they like? There was another pause, and then the same tired male replied: 'Send us some edible women'.

Yetta's is not the only kind of settlement among the rocks and hills of Galilee. The Israelis have a knack of seeing to it that every type of mind shall be satisfied. Not everyone can bear the discipline of all things in the common pool. So land is farmed by the capitalist and also by groups of people who work in a co-operative manner. Here, each family has a house of its own and five or six acres of vegetables, a cow or two, and some chickens. The settlement is run by a committee,

which buys in bulk and sells in bulk. But families live on their own and bring up their children themselves. There is a school in each community. The land belongs to the Government. A small rent is paid; but nobody can be turned away so long as the ground is used.

I saw one most interesting experiment in the art of living peaceably. Some Englishmen, South Africans, and Americans had formed themselves into a *kibbutz*. Their headquarters was an old Crusaders' castle on the shores of the Mediterranean. The buildings were still intact after eight centuries of use by various Arab families. On the roof, a string of laundry was backing and filling in the wind. An English Jew, from Willesden, showed me over the property, and I asked him why he had left London. 'I am a Jew', he answered quietly. 'Nobody ever said anything, but I always felt a stranger and that this was really my home'. He had returned to England on a visit, but he had lost our way of doing things. There was too much bustle after nothing. He preferred to work in the fields in a land, which, for 1,900 years, has remained the unattainable homeland of countless millions of Jews. His tasks were hard but satisfying. He was building something for his children. But something had gone wrong with their plans. They were emotionally unsuited to *kibbutzim*. Living together and eating together, they were rubbing each other's nerves and were in danger of breaking up. So they changed their direction overnight. They turned themselves into a co-operative and were looking at architects' drawings for a number of separate houses, which they would all help to build. In a year, they would be eating apart. I admired their sense and their courage; but, as I looked at the shut-in faces in the communal dining-room at lunch, I had no doubt they were right. A *kibbutz*, for them, would mean catastrophe.

I saw much to admire in Israel, especially out in the countryside. A great wind is blowing, which may redeem the desert into cornland. Yet, throughout the whole of my journey, I was conscious that this was not all: that the vision of incoming Jewry has exacted a terrible price. This was best expressed at one *kibbutz*, where my guide pointed to a hill. There was the wreck of many houses, their roofs fallen away in a ruin of appalling lifelessness. Nearby were a few poor date-palms. 'That', said my guide indifferently, as one who has been to war, 'was an Arab village'. For all the successes in Israel, this dreadful problem remains. I have made it clear in these talks that I do not blame the Jews: they were driven by the pressure of Hitler. But that does not alter the problem. In a sense blame does not matter. What matters, and matters urgently, is that hundreds of thousands of Arabs are rotting, idly and bitterly, on the other side of Jordan.—Home Service

Windy Gap

As I was going through Windy Gap
A hawk and a cloud hung over the map.

The land lay bare and the wind blew loud
And the hawk cried out from the heart of the cloud,

'Before I fold my wings in sleep
I'll pick the bones of your travelling sheep,

For the leaves blow back and the wintry sun
Shows the tree's white skeleton'.

A magpie sat in the tree's high top
Singing a song on Windy Gap

That streamed far down to the plain below
Like a shaft of light from a high window.

From the bending tree he sang aloud,
And the sun shone out of the heart of the cloud

And it seemed to me as we travelled through
That my sheep were the notes that trumpet blew.

And so I sing this song of praise
For travelling sheep and blowing days.

DAVID CAMPBELL

An Inspiring Painter of Landscapes

C. H. COLLINS BAKER on the centenary of J. M. W. Turner

SOON after Blenheim, when the genius of one Englishman had raised Britain to the rank of a Great Power, artists dreamed that the time was near when British painting, too, would become supreme. It should re-create the sublime of classic art which had dimmed and d'ed with Poussin and the Carracci. Reynolds entertained this hope—rather sceptically—and it persisted into the nineteenth century. Little did Reynolds know that a long-nosed, awkward boy, drawing in the antique room of the Royal Academy in 1789, would be the man to make the British School supreme, and that its supremacy would be won, not by historical painting but by landscape. For to Reynolds landscape painting was only the handmaid of sublime art; its highest mission was to depict the setting, and suggest the spirit, of classical antiquity.

We may hardly grasp the magnitude of this revolution in judgment that Turner brought about. Thirty years before his birth—from us, no farther back than the fall of Lloyd George's Coalition Government—Vertue noted the most promising English landscape painters: Wootton, the horse painter; George Lambert; one Smith; and a gifted amateur, William Taverner. Gainsborough, Paul Sandby and Richard Wilson apparently were unknown to him. These were honourable predecessors to whom Turner owed a good deal; but none, not even J. R. Cozens, could, in their circumstances, have exalted landscape painting to the place Turner gave it. The tradition in which they worked, and their place in time; their classical preoccupations; or the very medium they used—water-colour—were unfavourable. It is not only that Turner's early grounding was exceptional and his industry phenomenal. Nor was it because his adoption of oil painting gave him the scale and dignity of the more honoured medium. His power to effect that revolution lay deeper. Primarily, of course, he was of a poetic conception grander than that of any landscape predecessor or contemporary; and, then, he revealed a new world in nature. Fostered by his special training and prodigious industry, Turner's genius perceived depths in nature hitherto unrealised, and to some extent made them seen by everybody. Genius bloweth where it listeth, but yet is conditioned by its place in time.



Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

'Christchurch from the Fellows' Garden' (1794), drawn by Turner when he was nineteen. Left, 'Sun Rising through Vapour' (1807)



For his revelation of a new world in landscape, Turner was fortunate in coming at a time when romantic interest in nature and 'picturesque beauty' was abroad. It was the right time for stripping landscape painting of stale classic sublimity. Even an Ossianic phase was a useful ingredient in his adolescent make-up. But phases such as these were no more than sojourns on Turner's journey towards his final revelation. His progress, like Rembrandt's, was continuous until, getting on for eighty, he came as close to expressing the elemental infinity of nature as mortal is ever likely to. And that, I take it, is the highest function of landscape painting.

Of Turner's predecessors, Cozens was closest to him in grandeur of poetic conception, especially in those silvery monochrome drawings which taught Turner a good deal. But they are water-colours, and, however highly we today esteem that medium, in

Cozens' and Turner's early time water-colour took a place below oil painting. As the collector and connoisseur, Sir Richard Hoare, put it, water-colour 'was not worthy of being included in the higher class of painting'. Water-colourists were conscious of this inferiority, and some tried to surmount it by making larger drawings and by imitating the tone, colour and finish of oils: a radical mistake, because their medium could not bear the strain. For his part Turner solved this minor difficulty by becoming an oil painter when he was twenty-one.

His eventual supremacy and the lustre he shed on landscape painting were not, of course, due to the size of his pictures and their being oils. The causes were the scale and scope of his poetic genius; his unexampled sympathy with nature; and his ability to match ever-growing perception with a technique that grew in spiritual suggestion. That ability was



'Somer Hill' (c. 1811)

National Gallery of Scotland

born of the discipline he had undergone since he was a boy—the task of copying nature as closely as he could. This is an important key to understanding Turner's eventual achievement in rendering the transcending infinity of the elements. From what I see, I gather that the expression of nature's forms and values, in their integrity and subtlety, is nowadays not universally in favour. But in Turner's case we see how inevitably his eventual ability to conjure up the most ethereal qualities proceeded from his youthful imitation of physical facts. Nothing could show this more clearly than the chronological arrangement of last summer's exhibition at the British Museum of 'Turner, his Predecessors and Contemporaries'. For it made plain not only how soon Turner's early discipline enabled him to outstrip his fellows, but also how logically and naturally his successive modes of expressing himself followed what had gone before.

It was clear where his advantage over predecessors and contemporaries lay. They had been trained in the traditional way of first making drawings and then colouring them according to prescription or mere notes. But Turner's sketch books in that exhibition showed that when still a boy—of about fourteen—he was painting straight from nature, copying the subtleties of out-of-door colour, light and air. The fidelity of those studies could have been gained only by painting on the spot. Their *plein-air* feeling belongs to the middle of the nineteenth century rather than to 1790. Thus at a most receptive age Turner was observing the intrinsic subtleties of nature that transcend man's formulae. That observation impregnated his early drawings with the substance and particular vitality that distinguish them from the custom of his fellows' generalisations.

To this study of nature the boy Turner had brought his earlier rough and ready knowledge of conventional picture-making. This he had acquired by copying prints and drawings, seen here and there; and by working in an architect's office and in the studio of Malton. He had done all this by the time he was fourteen, when he entered the Royal Academy Schools. In the British Museum exhibition we could see drawings done when he was twelve, adapted from various sources. Already their bold handling and individuality of colour separate them from docile copies. So quick was his progress that by the time he was sixteen, in drawings like his 'Bath Abbey' or 'Bristol Cathedral', he had surpassed his seniors; four years later he was producing masterpieces of topographical illustration such as 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Founder's Tower, Magdalen College'. Turner had not the melancholy satisfaction of the unrecognised young genius. The press recognised him soon and handsomely, noting his 'peculiar vision' and its significance. *The Times* critic had never beheld a 'sea piece with more imagination or exciting more awe' than Turner's oil painting 'Fishermen coming ashore at Sunset previous to a Gale', exhibited in 1797, when he was twenty-two. The very title is eloquent of Turner's approach to nature's moods.

Two years later he saw his first Claudes; they struck him as unsurpassable. At that date the landscapes of Claude and Poussin, and the seascapes of the Dutch masters, were accepted as beyond rivalry. Turner resolved to see what he could do about it. One of the masterpieces in the Bridgewater Gallery was a Van de Velde seapiece. In 1800 he was commissioned to paint a companion for it. The result was the picture of the year: Turner had achieved the apparently impossible by rivalling the Dutch master. His Bridgewater picture is one of a series of victories over the Dutch; there followed closely the Kenwood 'Fishermen on a Lee Shore' and the 'Calais Harbour', now in the Frick Collection, New York. They are filled with the tumult of sea and sky and with a suggestion of nature's unpredictable waywardness of light and shadow that surpassed the achievement of any Dutch old master. From now on Turner's chief concern was how to render the transfiguring effect of light-filled air, excelling even Claude. He saw that he must lighten the entire key of tone and colour, not only in the lights but in the shadows as well. A critic at that time observed that the consequent brightness of his light passages was due not to strong contrasting darks, but to this general lightening; 'like musicians of transcendent skill who produce superior melody by not exposing the extremes of their instruments' compass'.

What were the circumstances, and what the nature, of Turner's revelation of a new world in landscape painting, both to his contemporaries and to succeeding generations? It was just an instance, such as we knew in 1940, of the man and the hour. For more than a century European landscape painting had been halted on a siding; save for a little shunting back and forth it had not advanced since the seventeenth century. On the contrary, as the essence of Claude and the Dutch masters evaporated, it had, of course, gone stale. What was needed was, quite simply, more truth to nature than had yet been seen, perceived by a great poetic mind that could interpret nature's light and movement, subtlety, and majesty and imbue them with human import. And that is what Turner did, with his vision, his extraordinary knowledge of nature, and his new pitch of tone and colour.

Today, alas, only in his water-colours and best-preserved oils can we fully see the pristine pitch of Turner's light and colour which so surprised his contemporaries. But here and there phrases remain to tell us their impression. From a critic in 1814 we hear: 'The eye wanders entranced over "Dido and Aeneas", so infinite in variety and beauty are the objects which solicit attention'. 'Dido Building Carthage'

and 'Crossing the Brook' literally dazzled beholders by their brilliance. Their painter was hailed as the greatest of all living geniuses; to such a height had he raised landscape painting within twenty-five years of Reynolds' death. Hazlitt noted that Turner's paintings were 'abstractions of aerial perspective, representing not the objects of nature so much as the medium through which they are seen—they are pictures of the elements, of air, earth and water'. Lawrence was one of the first whose view of the world was changed and intensified by Turner. In 1819 he wrote from Rome that Turner must come to Italy 'for he alone could render the subtle harmony of this atmosphere that wraps everything in its own milky sweetness'. As he looked about him at the wonder and beauty of Tivoli, he thought not of Claude but of Turner, whose new perception of light-drenched air, circulating everywhere, had revealed a new glory in the world.

Turner's recognition by his contemporaries is shown in his election as Royal Academician at the age of twenty-seven. In the next few years he not only excelled the Old Masters but also, as Finberg, the most thorough of all Turner's scholars, says, established himself as 'a great innovator, a fertile inventor of new forms of pictorial expression, and the most vital and inspiring figure in European Art since Rembrandt'. With pieces such as the National Gallery 'Frosty Morning'; the Edinburgh 'Somer Hill', and the Petworth 'Teignmouth', he touched a depth and truth of perception and poetic sentiment that have not been excelled. Had he died then he would still be supreme. But their achievement was only a stage reached on a journey. It had so sharpened and deepened his feeling and perception that he must leave those renderings of poetic sensibility, which we today can well understand, and push on towards intimations of yet more elusive qualities in nature, for which he found a more symbolic expression. After a hundred years that expression still inspires and stimulates because it still eludes our tabulation.

Turner's quest for the means of suggesting the infinity of nature's light and light-transfigured air led to what we regard as abstraction, though to him, I suspect, that would have sounded high-flown nonsense. Whatever it was, it was not the abstraction popular at present. Turner did not explore the dark, uneasy purities of the subconscious, nor set himself problems of intellectual, geometric distortion, addressed to initiates. He simply stuck to nature and the universal world of the elements, shared by all of us. Colour, he concluded, must be used as a medium akin to music. He was much interested in Goethe's *Theory of Colour*, and himself made a series of 'Studies for the Fundamental Theory of Colour'. Young Thackeray wrote: 'When the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, Turner's "Fighting Temeraire" will be found a magnificent ode or piece of music'.

Radiance of Light

Light and yet more light; with the mystery it gives, dissolving shapes, drowning objects in glory. No wonder that Turner's subordination of form to light and colour exasperated some critics. Even now the lack of clear outline and modelling in many of his late works is sometimes glossed as the result of physical, if not mental, decay. What rubbish! In 1844, when nearly seventy, he exhibited such masterpieces as 'Port Ruysdael'—the title his homage to the Dutch painter—and 'Rain, Steam and Speed'; his latest period is his richest and most creative. At seventy he stumped up and down Rhine valleys with a sketch book, and twice tried to cross the Alps, in worn-out boots and storms of rain. Most of our knowledge of his final period comes from unpublished working material—colour notes, experiments, sudden urgent ideas; the phrases a composer tries out when setting down what haunts him. Turner's more secret hours must have been filled with efforts to translate into paint what was haunting him; perhaps a dream in which infinity was at last revealed. The 'formlessness' of his last work, so radiant and immaterial, is sometimes insisted on. But in fact his sense of form, acquired from nature in his boyhood and all through life, was ineradicable. At last, without a second thought, he could give true form to slightest indications of storm clouds and breakers, and almost to the winds, in the tumult of sea and sky. As instinctive are the structure and design of his hastiest jottings, for his habit had been to check the riot of nature's content by what he called the practicability of art: in other words, to strike a balance between the infinite and the limitations of picture-making.

Turner is called a Romantic; his imagery (and for that matter Shakespeare's, Keats' and Wordsworth's) is labelled rhetorical. One reads that now poets and painters seek self-expression through symbols

drawn from something better than rhetorically heightened nature; that the more concrete and everyday their imagery, the clearer their vision of the world; that they express greater fullness, with more honesty, than did the rhetoricians. At sunrise the grain elevators on the fringe of Kansas City would have evoked from Turner images like his 'Norham Castle'—that ethereal vision—or 'Thorney Abbey', rearing transfigured into the miracle of a new dawn: Eden-like, aloof from gross materialism. The reputedly more honest modern painter would prefer the glare of noon, and bring out the mechanical function of the elevators and their integration with the Wheat Pit in Chicago. A character in a book by Evelyn Jordan asks: 'Did the real Eden exist only from dawn till the hour after sunrise, and was the flaming sword the destroying glare of ordinary day?' Who knows which is the truer vision, or what the highest function of Art?

Reynolds, by whose side Turner was buried in St. Paul's, had his answer: 'The Arts in their highest province are not addressed to the gross senses, but to that spark of divinity which we have within, impatient of being circumscribed and pent up by the world that is about us. Just so much as our art has of this, just so much dignity—I had almost said divinity—it exhibits'.—*Third Programme*

Before This Journeying Began

(To Edwin Muir)

Before this journeying began,
Before we took the dusty road,
Did we not each provision make
For body and soul, to ease their load?
First, that the body should not fail,
We cut a staff within the wood,
Glad that an anchored, earth-bound tree
Should join our wandering brotherhood.

Next, lest the tongue should be enslaved
By feverish visions of the cup,
Each at the well-spring took his turn
To wind the blessed water up.
How rich and rare, how clear and cool,
Never had water seemed so sweet.
We passed the cup from hand to hand
Till, body and soul, we were replete.

At last! the eve, dark ache of birth,
So cold we lit enormous fires
And watched upon the blazing hearth
Our leaping hopes, our fierce desires.
Was it imagining that made
The flickering shadows on your face
Imminent with our joys and fears,
Mortal despair, immortal grace?

The morning came. Resolved of doubt
We rose, all preparation done.
The intricate landscape haled us out.
So was the journeying begun.
Our eyes, smarting with air and light,
Wept for wondering gratitude.
Oh, happy the consummation then—
The start, the way, the goal, all good.

Of all the million miles we've gone
Since then we've lost all reckoning now.
Shadows have etched your time-worn face,
Sorrow and joy have creased your brow.
Yet still in primary innocence,
Still in the travail of desire,
We call in our elemental need
On earth-born wood, air, water, fire.

J. C. HALL

NEWS DIARY

December 19-25

Wednesday, December 19

United Nations Committees approve Western Powers' revised resolution on disarmament and Western proposal for commission to investigate possibility of free elections in Germany

General Ridgway's headquarters releases names of United Nations prisoners-of-war in Communist list

United Kingdom rejects Soviet protest against Four-power plan to set up a Middle East Command

Thursday, December 20

General Erskine orders that any Egyptian civilian found carrying arms or explosives in Suez Canal Zone will be considered as 'hostile'

Survivors of 1st Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment arrive in England from Korea

Friday, December 21

Curfew imposed in certain areas of Ismailia. Five Egyptian civilians shot by British troops while attempting to sabotage a water-pipe at Suez

General Ridgway sends broadcast message to Communist leaders in Korea requesting that Red Cross delegates be allowed to visit prison camps

Three firemen killed and twenty-one injured while fighting fire in London warehouse.

Saturday, December 22

British Government states in Note to Teheran that Persia has no right to sell oil from Anglo-Iranian Company's plant

British communiqué from the Suez Canal zone says that curfew imposed in parts of Ismailia is being effectively observed

South Africa beat Wales by six points to three in Rugby International

Sunday, December 23

Communists refuse definite answer to request by U.N. delegates for immediate exchange of sick and wounded prisoners in Korea

Seventy-seven killed in coal-mine disaster in Illinois

Monday, December 24

H.M. the King sends message of congratulation to the King of the new independent state of Libya

U.N. delegates agree to Communist proposal to allow prisoners on both sides in Korea to send and receive mail

Minister of Labour appoints arbitration board to enquire into claim of Fire Brigade Union for equal pay with police

Tuesday, December 25

H.M. the King's Christmas message is broadcast (see page 1087)

U.N. truce delegates in Korea accuse Communists of taking prisoners-of-war to China

West Indies win third Test Match in Australia by six wickets



Three of the Four Fellers clowning in *Tom Arnold's Circus* at Harringay. Other acts include the Rose Gold Trio and the Eight Flying Croneras who both perform on the high trapeze; Sabu and his eleven elephants, bears that ride bicycles, and Alsatian dogs that ride a pony



The dream scene from Humperdinck's opera '*Hansel and Gretel*' which is included in the Sadler's Wells Christmas season of opera: the angels surrounding the children are played by students of the Sadler's Wells School. Minnie Bower plays Hansel and Marion Studholme Gretel

CHRISTMAS



'*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*', the stage performance for a four-weeks' season at St. James White, Denis Martin is the Prince, Joy Robins the



HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS



Two pantomimes on ice: above, left: a scene from *'Robinson Crusoe'* at the Empire Pool Wembley. Among the many spectacular scenes of the show is a mimic naval battle, followed by a ballet on the 'sea bed'. Daphne Walker, the former British amateur figure-skating champion, takes the name part. Above: Diana Grafton as the Queen in *'Puss in Boots'* written and produced by Eve Bradfield at the Empress Hall, Earls Court. The pantomime has an international cast of 200 and includes a flying ballet performed by skaters on wires



on of the film, which is being
atre. Kay Osborne plays Snow
m, and Bernard Ansell the King



Shirley Lorrimer, Joan Greenwood, and Yvonne Prestige, who play Wendy, Peter Pan, and Liza, in the annual revival of Barrie's story which is being performed at the Scala Theatre. The parts of Captain Hook and Smee are played by George Curzon and Russell Thorndike



Left: *'Humpty-Dumpty'*, the pantomime at the London Palladium. In the scene is Terry-Thomas as the King (centre), with Dudley Dale as King of Kragnia, and Jean Bayless as Princess Miranda. Norman Evans takes the part of the dame, and Humpty-Dumpty is played by Betty Junel



Rudy Horn, at *Bertram Mills Circus*, Olympia, who, balanced on a wheel, throws a pile of cups and saucers on to his head from his foot. The Circus, celebrating its Silver Jubilee this year, includes twelve acts new to this country



The illuminated Norwegian Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square, London. During the week before Christmas carols were sung round the tree each evening. The tree will be lit every night until January 5. Big congregations attended Christmas Day services throughout the country and scenes during services in St. Paul's Cathedral were televised for the first time

Party Political Broadcast

The Conservative Government's Problems

By the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, O.M., C.H., M.P.

TONIGHT, my friends, it is my duty to tell you the broad truths of our national life and policy as they strike me on shouldering the burden again. I shall try to do so without regard to party propaganda and without seeking popularity at the public expense. I have but twenty minutes, so I hope you will not reproach me for leaving out anything I have not time to say.

The Conservative Party have now assumed control and bear responsibility for trying to make things better. During the eight weeks since I received the King's Commission the new Government have been hard at work examining the state of the nation as we are now able to find it out. Six years of socialist rule and the last two years of class warfare and party fighting have divided our strength and absorbed our energies. When we came in we found the country on the verge of insolvency. Our resources had been used up. The barrel had been scraped. There was nothing more that could be found without doing severe and unpopular things. That was why there was a general election.

Let us look at the whole scene. It is quite certain that we cannot keep fifty millions alive in this island if they are divided half and half, and electioneering against one another all the time. We have had more than two years of this electioneering. You cannot say it is the fault of one party or the other. It is the way in which our free and time-honoured constitution has worked in this crucial and it may be tragic period in our history. One thing is plain. It can't go on if we are to go on. It certainly can't go on if we are to hold our rank among the nations, or even if we are to keep ourselves independent.

His Majesty's present Government intend, if we can, to bring electioneering to a full stop. This is not the time for party brawling. Of course, we shall answer attacks made upon us, and give back as good as we get. But we shall do what we believe is right and necessary for the country in its present crisis according to our convictions, and without being dominated by the idea of winning or losing votes. We do not seek to be judged by promises but by results. We seek to be judged by deeds rather than by words. After six years we have a right to have a fair try, not for the sake of any class or party but to surmount the perils and problems which now beset us. To do this we require, not only resolve and design, but time, and we think we have not only the right to claim time but the power to take it.

The differences between parties in this island are not so great as a foreigner might think by listening to our abuse of one another. There are underlying unities throughout the whole British nation. These unities are far greater than our differences. In this we are unlike many countries and, after all, it has pretty well soaked into the British nation that we all sink or swim together. Take the social services. These have been built up during the past 100 years by each succeeding Conservative, Liberal, and, latterly, Socialist Government. Take foreign affairs and national defence. Nine-tenths of the British people agree on nine-tenths of what has been done and is being done and is going to go on being done.

I paid my tribute in the House of Commons to the work of the Labour Government in their resolute defiance of Communism, in their close

association with the United States, in their establishment of National Service, and in their attempt to form a solid front in western Europe against aggression. We respect the memory of Ernest Bevin for the work he did, and I am certain he could not have done his work without the help and guidance, in some degree, which the Conservative Party gave him. But now we have got to face the facts, which not merely the Government or the tory party or the socialist party, but all of us have got in front of us tonight.

If a train is running on the wrong line down hill at sixty miles an hour, it is no good trying to stop it by building a brick wall across the track. That would only mean that the wall was shattered, that your train was wrecked, and the passengers mangled. First, you have to put on the brakes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already done that, and the train is coming under control and can be stopped. Then the engine has to be put into reverse. We have to go back along the line till we get to the junction. Then the signalman has to switch the points and the train has to be started again on the right line, which, I am telling you beforehand—please remember it—is uphill all the way. On an ordinary railway this might cause quite a long delay. In the vast complex evolution of modern life and government it will take several years. We require at least three years before anyone can judge fairly whether we have made things better or worse.

We hear much talk of our election promises. Let me read you what I said as Leader of the Conservative Party. Let me read you what I said the last time I spoke to you from here, on October 8, at the beginning of the general election. Here are my words: 'We make no promises of easier conditions in the immediate future. Too much harm has been done in these last six years for it to be repaired in a few months. Too much money has been spent for us to be able to avoid another financial crisis. It will take all our national strength to stop the downhill slide and get us back on the level, and after that we shall have to work up'. Now that is the warning which I gave before you voted. And I have told you the same in other words tonight—after you have voted.

Let me tell you what we found on taking over. First, food. Our food supplies were slender. Our meat stocks were lower than they have ever been since 1941, during the crunch of the war and the U-boats. We shall be quite willing to take the blame if we fail, but let me make it clear that the price rises and the cuts now being enforced are the legacy we received from those who during six years of peace have tried to buy the food for this island under war-time controls and through government planners. They aimed at restriction. They got scarcity. It is not possible for us to re-create by a gesture the smooth-working trade process of food purchase that existed before the war. This can only be a gradual operation. We repudiate every scrap of responsibility for the state of things which has brought hardships upon the public this Christmas and for other discomforts and shortages which may fall upon us in the coming months. It is only after a reasonable time has been allowed that the blame or credit for the quantity, quality, and price of food and for the methods of distribution can fairly be placed upon us.

But the dominant problem is how to pay our way. In the year 1951 the United Kingdom has failed by over £500,000,000 to earn the money to pay other countries for what we have bought from them. In the month of October, before we took office, our gold and dollar reserves fell by about £115,000,000, or at the rate of nearly £1,400,000,000 a year. This was the result not only of our own over-spending but also of the over-spending of other countries in the sterling area. Yet at that time the total reserves were little over £1,000,000,000. Unless this rate of loss could be reduced we were within a few months of national bankruptcy and having to choose between charity, if we could get it, and starvation. Of course, whoever had got in at the last election would have had to deal with this dire challenge, not only to our standard of living but to our life. I am sure that no British government of either party would have failed to take very hard measures. The responsibility for meeting this crisis falls on us. We had no responsibility for bringing it about, but we are sure we can master it and we shall not shrink from any measure, however unpopular, for which our duty calls.

I must make it plain that if the late Government had called parliament together at the end of August and told them the facts, and if they had then taken even the emergency steps which we took in our first few days of office in November, the sharpness of our crisis would have been definitely reduced. The emergency measures which we have already taken are only part of the process of slowing down the train, and getting it under control. There is still more to be done before we can go forward on the right lines. When Parliament meets in January we shall be ready with a list of fresh proposals. Many of them will be unpleasant, and I have no doubt that they will excite the loudest outcry from all those bitter politicians and writers who place party scores in front of national solvency. The nation must remember that these are the men, or the kind of men, who have brought us to our present pass. But we are resolved to do all that is necessary, first, to clear the ground and then to rebuild on solid foundations the strength and prosperity of our people and our industries. It will be a long task. It will not be an easy one, but we shall persevere.

At the general election much party capital was made by calling me a warmonger. That was not true. Now that I am at the head of the Government I shall work ardently in harmony with our allies for peace. If war comes it will be because of world forces beyond British control. On the whole, I do not think it will come. Whatever happens we shall stand up with all our strength in defence of the free world against communist tyranny and aggression. We shall do our utmost to preserve the British Commonwealth and Empire as an independent factor in world affairs. We shall cherish the fraternal association of the English-speaking world. We shall work in true comradeship for and with united Europe. It may be that this island will have the honour of helping civilisation to climb the hill amid the toils of peace as we once did in the terrors of war.

What we have to face now is a peril of a different kind from 1940. We cannot go on spending as a nation or as individuals more than we can make and sell. We cannot go on count-

ing upon American aid—apart, that is to say, from the work of allied defence and rearmament in order to make ourselves more comfortable here at home. We cannot fail in our duty to what is called the sterling area—that great grouping of countries of whom we are the banker. We cannot fail by becoming a burden upon them. We must not plunge into further indebtedness to our Colonial Empire. All these are stern and grim facts which will not be changed by speeches, or leading articles, or canvassing, or voting. There they are. Now we must meet them.

I have nothing to propose to you that is easy. A certain number of unpleasant things have been done already. They are only the beginning of what lies ahead. We are resolved to make this island solvent, able to earn its living and pay its way. Without this foundation not only do we lose our chance and even our right to play our part in the defence of great causes, but we cannot keep our people alive. If we cannot earn our living by the intense exertions of our

strength, our genius, our craftsmanship, our industry, there will be no time to emigrate the redundant millions for whom no food is grown at home, and we have no assurance that anyone else is going to keep the British lion as a pet.

My friend, Mr. Eden, and I have just returned from France. We wanted our French friends to feel that we meant to be good friends and allies and that we welcomed the measures which the French have taken to bring Germany into the new European system and to end their age-long quarrel, from which both these valiant races have suffered so much and have brought so much suffering upon the rest of the world. You will remember that at Zurich, in 1946, I appealed to France to take Germany by the hand and lead her back into the European family. I rejoice at the progress which has been made since then.

In a week, we are to cross the Atlantic. I wish the United States, and Canada too, to have the feeling that we here are determined and also, able to put our house in order and to play our

full part throughout the international scene; and that, given the time we need, we have the power to do so. I do not want to attach any exaggerated hope or importance to my visit to Washington. My wish and object is that we should reach a good understanding over the whole field, so that we can work together easily and intimately at the different levels, as we used to do. You must not expect the Americans to solve our domestic problems for us. In rearmament and in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation we have immense and intricate affairs in common, and I want to make sure that we can help each other as much as possible, and in the best way.

My friends, my twenty minutes are finished, and I have only time to wish you, from the bottom of my heart, a happy Christmas in your homes, a Christmas inspired by hope—hope, high hope and unconquerable resolve for the New Year.

Good night and good luck to you all.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Yugoslavia

Sir,—Not content with being a Very Superior Person about the Yugoslavs of today, Miss Tracy has to tell us that the partisans of the war were 'every bit as savage' as the Nazi invaders of their country or the 'Nazis' of Yugoslavia itself. As one who spent some time as a British officer with the Yugoslav partisans, and saw them at all their fighting levels—from the smallest units up to the corps staffs—I should like to say that this is a calumny on countless men and women who freely sacrificed their lives or health, fighting under conditions of appalling difficulty, that Miss Tracy might have spared us. No doubt there were exceptions among the partisan ranks; no doubt there were occasional cruelties—how otherwise could they have managed to survive?—but what Miss Tracy is saying is that the partisans were cruel by choice, by policy, and by temperament. They were not. Nor is there the slightest evidence worth a pin for saying that they were.—Yours, etc.,

Little Saling

BASIL DAVIDSON

Sir,—Seán O'Faoláin's remark, 'of all the callous types in this world none is so cold-blooded as the starry-eyed idealist', is certainly aphoristic enough to stand by itself. But if he is looking for literary ancestors he might well take Pascal's own formulation of this idea in the *Pensées*: '*L'homme n'est ni ange ni bête, et le malheur veut que qui fait l'ange fait la bête*'.—

Yours, etc.,

Berlin-Dahlem

MELVIN J. LASKY
Editor, *Der Monat*

Everest

Sir,—As Dr. Matthews said in his talk, at 28,000 feet the Everest climbers found themselves to be at the limit of human endurance, taking ten breaths or so to cut one step, and with lessened mental judgment. To climb another 1,000 feet, to where the air is still more attenuated and want of oxygen greater, would seem to be impossible. At more than 18,000 feet acclimatised men deteriorate in health; no man lives continually above that height. The breathing of oxygen from apparatus carried up to the 'great heights has been tried, but without the full expected success.

The late Yandell Henderson, a distinguished

American physiologist, pointed out that in the process of acclimatisation, the normal amount of carbonic acid in the depths of the lungs is lowered so as to increase the amount of oxygen as far as possible by deep breathing. Adjustments are slowly made in the body to equalise the acidity lessened by the renewal of carbonic acid, and this adjustment cannot be overcome by breathing oxygen for a short time. On hard work, the extra carbon dioxide produced leads to breathlessness not overcome by breathing oxygen. If men were carried to the base camp, say below the North Col, by aeroplane, breathing sufficient oxygen all the time, and then climbed the last 9,000 feet, still all the time breathing oxygen, they could climb as easily as in the Alps, but of course would lose their lives if their oxygen supply failed. The acclimatised climbers could carry up the needed supply of oxygen for these men as high as possible.

Yours, etc.,

Corton

LEONARD HILL, F.R.S.

Thomas Carlyle

Sir,—It is a pity that Mr. House's very good broadcast on Carlyle was spoilt by his unfair remarks concerning his 'contempt for democracy'. I suppose any contempt for democracy makes the average Englishman 'see red' but he need not descend to falsification. Mr. House says 'Carlyle never proposed a system' for selecting rulers. But what does Carlyle say in *The Hero as Man of Letters* (1840)? 'There does seem to be, all over China, a more or less active search everywhere to discover the men of talent that grow up in the young generation. Schools there are for everyone: a foolish sort of training yet still a sort. The youths who distinguish themselves in the lower school are promoted into favourable stations in the higher, that they may still more distinguish themselves—forward and forward: it appears to be out of these that the official Persons and Incipient Governors are taken. . . . Try these men: they are of all others the best worth trying. Surely there is no kind of government, constitution, revolution, social apparatus or arrangement that I know of in this world so promising to our scientific curiosity as this. . . . The man of intellect at the top of affairs'.

Ten years later in his pamphlet 'The New

Downing St.', Carlyle writes 'to promote men of talent, to search and sift the whole society in every class has not always been found impossible. In many forms of polity they have done it and still do it to a certain degree. Think of the old Catholic Church. The poor neatherd's son, if he were a noble of nature, might rise to Priesthood, to High Priesthood, to the top of this world. A thrice glorious arrangement when I reflect on it'.

To my mind the above quotations clear Carlyle of Mr. House's charge, and because Carlyle 'failed to persuade his countrymen', failed to have 'an effective positive influence on the course of English politics', the fault may conceivably not be Carlyle's but his countrymen's. Admittedly 'we dislike being drilled', but it is debatable whether we dislike being ruled by the best men obtainable. And Carlyle did certainly suggest a method, alternative to democracy's.

Yours, etc.,

Bradford

JOSEPH K. HAMMOND

'Disabled Citizens'

Sir,—We were startled to read the last sentence of your review of Joan Simeon Clarke's book, *Disabled Citizens*, in THE LISTENER of December 13. Your reviewer ends an otherwise fair and interesting review by complaining that the book 'contains so much information of value to the social worker and legislator that it is a pity that it has not been provided with an index'. Not only has the book an index (two-and-a-quarter pages) but a full list, with addresses, of the individuals and organisations which supplied information, an index of selected cases, and a five-page bibliography.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

L. G. SMITH

for George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

[We regret this mistake.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Should international relations be taught as a separate subject at the universities? Arguments for and against, as well as some discussion of the function of university education in the modern world, are contained in *The University Teaching of International Relations* (Blackwell, 8s. 6d.). This booklet consists largely of papers by distinguished British and foreign academicians and is edited by Geoffrey L. Goodwin.

Winter Work in the Garden

By F. H. STREETER

IF the weather is bad, why not give that little shed the 'once over'? Clean out all the rubbish, whitewash the inside, repair any tools, and oil the handles and blades of everything; do not let anything get rusty. If you need a few replacements, get these in. Get your labels made and painted. Get a piece of wood 4 x 2 from a builder, saw it into the lengths you want, and then split it down and make your own labels; this is far better than putting the empty seed packet in a split stick when you sow the seed.

Another job for rough weather or the evenings now they are long: run over the store crops. Get a hurricane lamp and a stool and go out into the shed. Sort over the potatoes to make sure they are keeping well and dust a little powdered lime through them; this helps to keep them dry. The onions, too, need watching. Any that are inclined to start growing should be used right away because they will soon grow soft. Watch your shallots. Bring in a few turnips, the green-topped variety. These will keep well in the shed, and so will parsnips. This is better than seeing them frozen in and having to use a pickaxe to get them out.

Why Not Mustard and Cress?

Why not grow a few boxes of mustard and cress to make some sandwiches? Get several boxes of sandy soil, make it fairly firm and water with warm water; allow this to drain off and then sow the seed fairly thickly (probably the only seed about which I shall ever tell you to do this), press it down into the soil with a piece of flat board; that is all, do not cover it. Place a sheet of glass over, cover with paper and put in the warmest place you can spare in the room. In a few days it will start growing and then you can remove the paper and glass and let it come along. The chances are it will not need watering.

The leaves have fallen from the apple and pear trees, and no time should be lost in getting on with the pruning and spraying. First of all, do not attempt either of these jobs if the weather conditions are not right; you can judge if they are when you can handle your tools in comfort—there should be no frost, winds, or rain. Keep a sharp edge on the secateurs and knife and always have a couple of boards to stand on, especially where the ground is cultivated for other crops.

Before you start, have a look at your tree and see if it is too thick; if so, take a few branches (the worst, of course) right out. Saw these off clean and pare the edge of the rind to make it heal more quickly. Keep the tree open so that the sunshine can reach every part; your object is to produce good fruit and not too much growth.

I always think the man with the small garden and only a few trees should buy his trees with the foundation laid—let the nurseryman do that for you: you will then save three or four years and start getting fruit right away, which is far more interesting. When you prune, make your cuts clean and always close to an eye pointing outwards, that is on the outside of the branch; the next shoot forming will then go in the right direction, whereas an inside bud will grow into the centre of the tree—just what you do not want. The little twiggy shoots along the branch are called laterals, and these you cut right back to one or two buds; this is to cause the fruit buds to form along the entire length till you come to the leader, as it is called, or extension if you like, and here you leave up to six or eight buds so that each season the length of the branch increases by that amount. When it reaches the desired height you must not leave so much as six buds, only two or three at the most, and this applies to the espalier and cordons as well as all trained trees.

Standard trees require only light thinning and all cross pieces taken off. Always put a dab of paint over the cuts; it may save fungus spores entering and it is perfectly easy to apply: have a small paint-pot and brush tied on to your belt. Always save all the suitable straight pieces of wood that you have cut away for flower sticks later on. You can sharpen these in the shed one day when it is wet, and tie them in bundles all ready for use. Try always to keep the trees open enough for a bird to fly through and you will not go far wrong. Tip bearers are different and need very little pruning, but in a small garden I should leave these out. Only plant and grow them where there is plenty

of room, and do not plant Bramley Seedling in a small garden, as this tree loves its freedom and plenty of room. Where a lot can go wrong is when you head down an old tree that has outgrown its space. Thin the shoots down when it breaks in the spring or its last state will be worse than the first.

Then comes the all-important job of spraying with a tar-oil winter wash to cleanse the trees, kill off the many pests lurking about, and control the eggs of the aphids. Wet every portion of the tree, tip to toe, and even the ground underneath, provided you have no green crops growing; if you have, cover these over with a piece or two of old sack-ing. There is no comparison between a sprayed tree and an unsprayed one: the tree looks clean and smart. Always oil up the tools when you have finished and clean the spraying apparatus.

The keen gardener who has a little greenhouse is lucky at the present time. With a little forethought one can get a proper sequence. If there is a row of frames in front of the house, the gardener is more than lucky because that is just the place for growing nearly everything before bringing it along to the greenhouse. A row of shelves over the path is a good place for growing stuff as long as you watch the ventilating. Open your lights on the south and west and forget the others during winter; keep them closed during gales or storms and keep the fronts closed too as they would cause a bad draught.

Here are some quick tips: sprinkle a little soot under the pots and keep them as cool as possible and with plenty of air. Get your seed orders made out and sent off at once.—*Home Service*

Impressions of Europe

(continued from page 1088)

proposals, and it will be better educated in this regard if the west's own comments on the disarmament plan shows more thorough study.

After my stay in Europe I found myself troubled by the kind of criticisms of American policy I encountered: not so much by the criticisms themselves as by the misunderstanding of American motives I thought they represented. I was prepared to find America disliked in the way strong or wealthy countries are bound to be disliked; in the same way, the British were disliked most when they were strongest and had most to say about the world. But I thought there was much greater distrust of American military leadership than, say, General Eisenhower and General Bradley merit; and much less respect for the restraint and wisdom of President Truman and Secretary Acheson than their actions justified. But once the disarmament programme was accepted, as it was by all elements that make up the Washington Administration, I felt the design of American thinking had been rounded out and American motives had been clarified. Now, I told myself, it would be understood that the United States, along with Britain and France, is dedicated to peace, that the formula has been designed that can make permanent peace possible. The first explanations of the programme by President Truman, and then in Secretary Acheson's opening speech at the United Nations Assembly, were necessarily over-simplified, but the second Acheson speech was, I thought, the most important exposition of the theme of peace through disarmament ever made by a modern statesman.

And coming back again to the great diplomatic activity in the many fields of security, from Japan, through Greece and Turkey, to western Europe: the programme gave it all a meaning the activity otherwise would not have. It may be there can be no western security without the aid of Germany, and no aid from Germany without a European federation, that the west must break new ground in almost breath-taking ways. But at the foundation of a peaceful world there must be something still more unprecedented—the organisation of arms reduction under international control that dedicates the productive capacity of men and of science to the life of peace.—*Home Service*

What is Parliamentary Privilege?

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, M.P.

IN order that any service may be rendered, it is necessary that those who are to render it must have certain privileges. A bus driver has the privilege of climbing up into the driver's seat. The rest of us are excluded from that eminence. That is the only way in which a bus service can be run, and parliamentary privilege is of the same nature. In order that parliamentary life may go on, it is necessary that members of parliament, and parliament in general, be protected in certain rights, and that those who try to interfere with those rights should be prevented.

Not a 'Vague General Honour'

It is important to make it clear at the outset that this is what privilege is. It is not some vague general honour which allows members of parliament to go swaggering about the country, in the sort of way in which members of the first eleven may wear a special sort of blazer, or walk, perhaps, along certain paths that are forbidden to lesser fry. It is not a licence to members of parliament to break with impunity laws that they may find inconvenient, nor is it a subsidiary body of ill-defined law that can be invoked, either for or against a member of parliament, whenever there happens to be any dispute in which he is involved.

I discovered this early on in my parliamentary career. A certain gentleman came to see me to complain against his treatment at the hands of a society to which he belonged. I wrote to the secretary of that society, and I then heard that my complainant had been fined by his society for even coming to see me. I was indignant at such conduct, and I asked an older member what I could do about it. He said to me: 'I think that it may be a question of privilege'. I carried my story to a very great expert on these matters, who was not himself a member. This expert fully shared my indignation. 'This is a very gross case', he said. 'I hope that you find means of exposing it. But it is not a breach of privilege. It could only be a breach of privilege if the society had in some way interfered with you in your performance of your duties as a member of parliament'.

This is the test of privilege, and it is a test by which many alleged breaches of privilege in recent years have pretty clearly not been breaches of privilege at all. For instance, in the last parliament the House had to decide whether there was a *prima facie* case that a member had been guilty of a breach of privilege in forwarding a letter, which a certain clergyman had written to him, on to the clergyman's bishop. I myself voted with the majority which said that this was not a breach of privilege, and, although I do not here wish to enter into the details of the controversy, I have no doubt at all that the House's decision was a correct one. You may argue, if you care to do so, that the member was guilty of an ill-advised or improper action in treating the letter in this way. I am, of course, expressing no opinion on that. The clergyman, if he imagined himself to have suffered damage from the member's conduct, would, of course, have been perfectly entitled to invoke any remedies at general law that he might think pertinent. But the matter seemed to me to have nothing whatsoever to do with privilege. It would have been a matter of privilege only if someone had in some way interfered with the member's freedom to perform his duties as a member.

At about the same time another question was raised, whether a breach of privilege had been committed when another member had found difficulties in getting his car through the traffic as he was on his way to the House to record his vote. It certainly is one of the privileges of a member that he should not be in any way impeded in making his way to the House of Commons. If anyone were, for example, to say to a member: 'I will delay the traffic so as to make sure that you do not get to the House in time to vote', there would obviously be a most grave breach of privilege. If there was the smallest reason to believe that there was any intention of that sort, it would be very serious. In this case it was obvious that there was no sort of intention of that kind. But in the 1945 parliament a case was raised where it was alleged that a parliamentary agent, opposed to a Bill that was being considered in standing committee, had suggested to a member that he should not go into the

standing committee with the hope that if there were not sufficient members present there would not be a quorum and the committee would stand adjourned. This, if all the facts had been clear and as alleged, almost certainly would be a breach of privilege.

A breach of privilege is primarily an interference with a member in the performance of his duties as a member. Members of parliament cannot be sued for slander because of any remarks that they may make in the House. The reason for this is not that it is thought a good plan to allow members of parliament as a sort of personal treat to repeat any dirty stories that come into their heads, but because it is thought to be in the public interest that members' comments should be free and without fear of consequence. There are, of course, as in all the affairs of real life, border-line cases. The House remits many of its Bills to the consideration of standing committees, and a member serving on a standing committee is clearly performing his duties as a member of parliament. Interference with him on a standing committee is as serious an offence as interference with him on the floor of the House. On the other hand, it is by no means so clear what cognisance the House ought to take of the behaviour of members in the private party committee meetings, even though those meetings take place within the Palace of Westminster. During the 1945 parliament we had to consider the case of two members of parliament who had revealed to the newspapers things that had happened at private party meetings. Everybody agreed that such conduct was reprehensible, that the party was fully justified in refusing their admission to further meetings and in expelling them, that their constituents were well advised not to readopt them, and so on. But all this has little bearing on the question whether or not these particular actions were breaches of privilege. It is very doubtful if they were.

What degree of pressure, you may ask, are you allowed to bring to bear on a member of parliament? Most of the rules of privileges were drawn up at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when members took a very much higher line with constituents than they do today. A citizen of Shrewsbury at the time of Walpole's excise scheme was so ill-advised as to write to his member to ask him to oppose the scheme. The member wrote back: 'Sir, I am amazed at your impudence in approaching me concerning the excise scheme. I bought you last year and this year, by Gad, I propose to sell you'. A perverse and humorous pedant, arguing solely from the ancient precedents, could make a very good case for it that it was a breach of privilege for a constituent ever to write to his member, to urge him to support or to oppose any particular bill. Naturally he would be ill-advised to do so. The British way of progress is to let old regulations fall into disuse when they no longer fit the changing circumstances of a new day. A man only makes a buffoon of himself if he tries to resurrect them.

Discrediting the House

A breach of privilege can be committed against a particular member. It can also be committed against the House at large. Just as it is a breach of privilege to prevent a member from doing his duty as a member, so it is a breach of privilege to prevent the House at large from doing its duty. The House does not seek to protect itself against reasonable criticism. No one, whether he agreed or disagreed with the argument, would make it a breach of privilege if someone were to state a reasoned argument that such-and-such a parliament was of a lower calibre than its predecessors, that parliament, as now constituted, was not capable of dealing with this or that national problem and should be reformed, or the like. But if someone were to write (shall we say?): 'Anyone who goes into the House of Commons can at any time see a dozen members lying sprawling dead drunk upon the floor'—something which is not only untrue but obviously malicious, intended only to discredit parliament—that would be a breach of privilege.

In the same way it is a breach of privilege if anyone, whether a member or not, defies the orders of the House or the legitimate orders of its officers. The King himself—King Charles I—was guilty of a

breach of privilege of this order when he made his way into the House of Commons to seize the five members, and that is the reason why no monarch has ever entered the House of Commons since King Charles' day. Similarly the officers of the House have to accept limitations on their own freedom of action in the acceptance of their offices, and they would be guilty of breach of privilege if they were to transcend those limitations. Supposing, for instance—to take a wildly hypothetical case—a Speaker were so far to forget himself as to make somewhere in the country a strongly partisan speech, he would certainly receive the censure of the House and be guilty of a breach of privilege.

Niceties of parliamentary custom are for ever cropping up to catch the unwary. In the past weeks we have had an argument about what sanctions there could be for the secrecy of a secret session. Up till now the House of Commons has only had secret sessions in war time, when the government has been armed with special powers against the tale-tellers under the Defence of the Realm Act. A secret session in peace time is a different matter because, for a long time, all through the eighteenth century, the House considered it a breach of privilege that any of its sessions should be reported at all. There is no doubt about it that, as Mr. Speaker Fitzroy ruled in 1939, if the House should pass a resolution that its proceedings on a particular day should be secret, then any member who published or revealed an account of those proceedings would be guilty of a breach of privilege. But it is far from clear of what offence a peer would be guilty who listened to the debate and then published an account of it, and it is fairly obvious that even a member of parliament would be guilty only of an offence against the House. He could not be prosecuted in any civil court, and, if he chose to reveal the secrets of the House and to incur the reprimand of the Speaker, nothing could be done to stop him. Such being the law, it is unlikely that we shall have a secret session in peace time unless there is an overwhelming body of opinion in the House in its favour.

What punishment can the House inflict on those who defy it? In theory it can fine those who defy it or can imprison them in the Tower. But the day for such remedies has in practice passed. In practice, all that the Speaker can do is to administer to the defaulter either the less serious admonition or the more serious reprimand. A non-member receives his admonition or reprimand standing at the Bar of the House. And that is all that the House can do to non-members. A member receives his admonition or reprimand standing uncovered in his place. Against its own members it can, of course, if it wishes, take further measures. By a resolution of a majority, the House can suspend, or expel, any member whom it wishes, if he has been guilty of a breach of privilege or indeed even though he has been guilty of no offence at all. The House is its own complete master within its own walls. If a person becomes a bankrupt or is declared a lunatic or is convicted of felony or of a corrupt practice, he automatically loses his seat. But, apart from that, there is nothing in the world to prevent the House from suspending or expelling any member for any or no offence at all. There is nothing to prevent

it from passing a resolution that everyone whose name begins with 'H' should be expelled from membership. The seat then becomes vacant, and unless the member has been expelled for some statutory offence, he is perfectly free to stand again in his constituency in the resulting by-election. And if he should be elected again, the House is free to expel him again, and, were it so foolish as to act in such a way, the farce might go on for ever, as indeed it almost did in the famous case of John Wilkes in the eighteenth century.

Every sensible person would, of course, agree that in practice this right of expulsion should be used by the House very sparingly, and I am myself extremely doubtful if it should be used at all. If a person has shown himself wholly unfit to be a member of parliament, the remedy should lie with his own constituents—with the authorities of his party association who may refuse to readopt him, and with his constituents at large who may refuse to vote for him. As long as the constituents are allowed the responsibility, we can feel reasonably confident that they will be worthy of it. The only circumstance under which they would be at all likely to elect a wholly unworthy person would be if passions were aroused and the issue confused by a suspicion that parliament was trying to interfere with the freedom of the constituency. Wilkes in Middlesex, O'Connell in County Clare, Bradlaugh in Northampton—wherever there has been a conflict between the constituency and parliament, it has always been the constituency which has won.

Every organisation or institution must have its appropriate privileges, and it is to the dignity of the House of Commons that its members should be guaranteed in those privileges which are necessary for them properly to do their work. But if it is to the dignity of the House that it should possess its privileges, it is clearly against its dignity that those privileges should be continually invoked. It adds to the dignity of public life that we should all bow to the Speaker when he passes us in procession. But it only does so in so far as we render him this service gladly and of our own free will. If policemen were continually ordering us to bow and arresting us when we refused to do so, the custom would soon become an absurdity. So it is desirable that the whole House and all its members should possess their privileges. But it is desirable that we should voluntarily respect one another's privileges and that the community at large should voluntarily respect parliament's privileges. It is better to overlook trivial breaches rather than to make parliament ridiculous by continually ventilating them. Of an institution, as of an individual, it is a sign that it is strong and popular if other people gladly accord to it its rights and it does not have to be continually demanding them. It is the institution that is beginning to outlive its usefulness—which is ceasing to be any longer sure of itself—which is continually invoking its own dignity. The English, more than any other race on earth, live by ritual and by pageantry; and it will be a bad day for England if parliament should ever turn from high affairs to ceaseless bickerings about its own privileges. Privileges are like wives: they are only worth having when they can be taken for granted, and their place is in the home.—*Third Programme*

The Television 'Code' in the United States

By ALISTAIR COOKE

THE Museum of Modern Art in New York contains a handsome theatre which is packed twice a day, winter and summer. In this theatre the museum shows movies from its considerable library. They are never new films. In fact, the Museum of Modern Art's point is to pull out for showing what its own staff consider to be good old movies which in the normal course of commercial distribution would tend to crumble and fade away down the years. I went in there the other day to see a comedy which I thought was a gorgeous thing at the time. I will not tell you its name, for reasons that will soon become obvious. It is, or was when it was made, intended as a satire on the movies. It is eighteen years old and still very funny. But one new thing struck me, and apparently everybody else—for there was a great noise of gasping and shocked giggles—the new thing was that this movie was pretty vulgar by any rough standard that an English-speaking audience would agree on. Vulgar is a prickly

word, and I already see the raised finger of one of those sticklers who say: 'Let us begin by defining our terms'.

Since this is to be a talk about vulgarity, about the liquor business, about religion, propriety, sex, murder, television, education, and advertising, I will announce now that we are not going to define our terms, or we should not get started. As I say, this movie was astonishingly vulgar in all sorts of ways—though I did not think so eighteen years ago. I think 'improper' would be a better word. Vulgarity will always be with us, but impropriety—though it has been the knife-edge on which English comedy has made up whole periods of its literature—is not a common theme in the movies these days. This movie abounded in dialogue, winking assumptions, and unfinished sentences which the audience could finish only one way. I was surprised, too, to see how little the heroine wore—I do not mean at the beach or other such places essential to the plot, but when she was indoors and in her right mind.

The point about this movie is that it could not have been made and shown in 1934 in the way it was made and shown in 1933. For in that intervening year, a committee of the Catholic bishops of America—the Roman Catholic bishops—rose up in protest against the vulgarity of motion pictures and sponsored and encouraged a national organisation, with chapters in most states, called the Legion of Decency. It is true that for many years the movies had been getting away with more things than murder. Various Congressmen started to draft bills, and the movie producers themselves saw there was no point in fighting such a powerful trend. The private lives of some famous film stars had recently made a lot of public scandal, and the movie producers—seeing that some form of censorship was on the way—made the drastic but wise calculation that if they were to stay in business they had better do the censoring themselves. So they sat down and worked out a so-called Production Code. They told writers and directors to observe it, and asked them to submit their script to a chosen industry censor in advance.

‘Correct Standards of Life’

The principles of the Production Code went into force on July 1, 1934. Let me remind you briefly of one or two of them. ‘Correct standards of life’, Hollywood laid down, ‘shall be presented’. And we said: Look who’s talking! ‘Revenge in modern times shall not be presented’ as a proper motive. This was before the second world war and the discovery that anything goes in modern war provided it can be justified as ‘retaliation’. ‘Theft, robbery, safe-cracking, etc., should not be detailed in method’. It was apparently all right to show that such things went on, but not to show how; whereas ‘the illegal traffic in drugs must never be presented’. Nothing wrong in that, surely; except that since we were not allowed to know there was such a thing, let alone how it was done, we got to think innocently of a couple of teen-agers talking to a ruffian in a drug-store telephone-booth, or a jazz drummer trembling all over when he hit his rim-shots, until we woke up a couple of years ago to realise there was a frightful amount of drug addiction, even among school children. What else? Scenes of passion ‘should be so treated that these scenes do not stimulate the baser element’. The only response to that one seemed to be: Who, me? Then ‘the use of liquor in American life, what you call spirits, when not required by the plot or for proper characterisation, will not be shown’. That was fairly simple, since a good deal of perfectly proper American life had come to revolve since prohibition—or rather through prohibition—around the cocktail hour, the confidential talk between buddies, the evening on the town, and so on.

We had a lot of fun with this code at the time. But goodness, to look back on it now, it did do quite a thorough job of changing the conventions of dress, and dialogue, and general respectability of the people—all the people—shown in movies. And, I now think, to the great good of the movies. Granted that at one stroke of the production code it became impossible to film the tragedies of the more serious of America’s playwrights. The Code was almost an exclusion acting against the works of Eugene O’Neill. But granting the loss of genuine tragedy, it did also outlaw a lot of merely raffish comedies and movies made for sensation’s sake. And it also made possible social comedy—which always flowers better under restraints.

Now, another visual medium, another form of entertainment, has arrived, which has had the movie industry considerably worried in the past year. I mean, television. There has been a ground-swell of complaint, and enough threats of action in Congress to arouse the television industry in much the same way as the movie producers were aroused eighteen years ago. The television people have made the same drastic decision. They have decided to discipline themselves. And there has just been published the text of a production code agreed on by seventy delegates of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters. With very few changes it is likely to become the official code of the industry. We are wrier than we used to be. And this television code is about ten times longer than the Motion Picture Code.

It is also a good deal more stringent. This was bound to be so, because television suffers from a curse, in theory at any rate, which the movies have never had to admit. The theory is, I take it, that nobody has to go into a movie theatre who does not want to. Whereas, as the Television Code admits in its first sentence: ‘Television is seen and heard in every type of American home. These homes include children and adults of all ages, embrace all races and all varieties of religious faith, and reach those of every educational background’. So the code is based on the recognition that all Americans have eyes and the assumption that they all have, or are going to have, television sets.

This means that nothing can be beamed at a special group, without some form, maybe, of warning buzzer or sign that nobody who sells a product is likely to want. So the criterion has to be a negative one. What will offend nobody? The Code begins by saying in a general way, what it repeats in a general way many times, that ‘the television broadcaster is obligated to bring his positive responsibility for excellence and good taste’ to bear on his programmes. But nobody is going to be denied a licence to broadcast, which is one of the jobs of the Federal Communications Commission—to give and deny licences—merely because his programme was not excellent enough.

The Code is naturally on safer ground when it is detailing the ways in which you are not allowed to be bad. It is a formidable list, and suggests that in the past eighteen years we have learned a lot about the techniques of being vulgar, suggestive, and horrifying. There is a long list of prohibited words, and a prohibited sound familiar in the Bronx. Comic parsons, who vanished in the Motion Picture Code, vanished more positively in television. The sanctity of marriage is still going to be upheld. Divorce must not be treated casually, even, I infer, by characters who in life would treat it casually. Drunkenness and narcotic addiction must never be shown as prevalent—whether or not, apparently, they are. There is a sensible escape clause here; much more mature, in my opinion, than anything that appeared in the movie code. It says: ‘Crime, violence, and sex are a part of the world they (children) will be called upon to meet and a certain amount of proper presentation of such is helpful in orienting the child to his social surroundings’.

Boost for Parents

Respect for parents must be ‘reflected’, no matter, I assume, however little it is reflected back by the actual children watching the screen. There is a curious ban on ‘exhibitions of fortune-telling, astrology, palm-reading, and numerology’. For this, from now on, I guess, you have to go to the newspapers or the tea leaves. ‘Horror for its own sake will be eliminated’ and ‘the use of aural or visual effects which would shock or alarm the viewer’. The movies have not yet come to that, thank goodness. There is a big section about the dressing and clothing of performers, and warnings about what astute camera angles will do to the shape of people quite properly dressed when seen from head on. There is the flat, wonderful requirement that ‘news reporting should be factual, fair, and without bias’. Some of us think that is a counsel of perfection, but it is laid down as a minimum requirement. ‘Advertising messages should be presented with courtesy and good taste’. This is some sort of crux or nub. Advertising messages are always done with courtesy, not to say with unction. The question of good taste is, however, so debatable that there are some cranks who think it is impossible to interpolate an appeal for whole-wheat bread, however ‘yummy or delicious’, into a performance of the works of Johann Sebastian Bach.

I have no doubt that, after the first shock is over, the Code will do great good, as the Motion Picture Code surprisingly did. But this one is so long and detailed, and so likely to keep the television director dodging around hundreds of things he must not do, that he will have even less time than he has today to be positive in any way. For the result of offending nobody is the danger of pleasing nobody who has a positive taste or an independent thought in anything. Television can surely become, in daring and imaginative hands, another bright window on the richness and complexity of life. What it is likely to do, under all these prohibitions, it seems to me, is to exile from its studios the men who might trust to their daring and let their imagination roam. The Code does a fine job on assuring that television will cease to offend anybody. We are faced with the bigger job of making it good.

—Home Service

World-Radio Handbook for Listeners (sixth edition) has now been published and may be obtained through SurrIDGE, Dawson and Co., 101 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, price 8s. 6d. Every broadcasting station, long-wave, medium-wave or short-wave, in the world is listed, with their call signs, wave-lengths, interval signals, announcements and transmission times. The times of all broadcasts in English are given. Among other books recently received are *The Balance of Payments* by Lionel Robbins, the text of the Stamp Memorial Lecture for 1951, which is published by the Athlone Press at 2s.; the annual report for 1950-51 of Friends of the National Libraries; and the National Book League’s annual report for 1950-51. In *Question* Vol. 4, No. 1 (Hammond, price 2s. 6d.), Sir John Cockcroft, Emile de Groot, J. F. Wolfenden, Dr. J. H. Oldham, and the editor, H. Westmann, discuss the problem of freedom and responsibility.

Philosopher of Renunciation

ERICH HELLER on Schopenhauer's teachings and their consequences*

THERE was very little to remind him of human beings in the bachelor's living-room at the *Schöne Aussicht* in Frankfurt a.M., where Arthur Schopenhauer lived for more than twenty years and died in 1860—a man of seventy-two and yet only just about to become really famous, some forty years after the publication of his great work *The World as Will and Idea*.

True, there was a picture of his mother, Johanna Schopenhauer, whom during her lifetime he disliked as intensely as her many bad novels. There were also portraits of Goethe, Shakespeare, and Descartes, and, together in one frame, Immanuel Kant and Matthias Claudius. But there was no visible souvenir of his Berlin mistress who for some years had done her best to make life a little easier for the utterly unsuccessful lecturer of Berlin University, pained not merely by the resounding successes of his colleagues Fichte and Hegel, but also and most sincerely, by their resounding philosophies. The few human likenesses were, however, considerably outnumbered by sixteen engravings of dogs. And two objects, above all, caught the eye of the rare visitor: the plaster-cast of the philosopher's deceased poodle and the beautiful bronze statue of a Tibetan Buddha.

It was a quiet room. Apart from not infrequent rows between the irritable sage and Frau Schnepf, his devoted housekeeper, no major disturbances are on record. Except one. It happened in 1848, in the wake of that abortive revolutionary movement which was carried along by proletarian, liberal, and nationalistic impulses, confusedly mixed and doomed to failure. On September 18 some shooting went on in the immediate vicinity of Schopenhauer's house. Suddenly a great commotion was heard at his door. 'I feared', he wrote afterwards to a friend, 'it was the sovereign *canaille*'. Luckily, it was not the *canaille*, but a detachment of soldiers who wanted to shoot from his windows. Yet finding the position strategically unsuitable, they soon moved on. 'From the first floor of the house next door', Schopenhauer wrote, 'the officer watched the rabble behind the barricade. At once I sent him my opera-glasses'. 'What a diversion for a philosopher, to have the political battlefield in his study!' he remarked, and 'Heaven liberate us from all liberties!' A few years afterwards Schopenhauer made his last will. His considerable fortune went to the relief fund for the families of soldiers crippled or killed in fighting for law and order in Germany during the years 1848 and 1849.

There can be no doubt: Schopenhauer was a reactionary. He was the Tory among the Whig philosophers of his age, a royalist of the mind, in violent opposition to those who believed that the World-Spirit was untiringly on the move, arranging from time to time large-scale plebiscites to vote in the next step towards the millennium. Not for him were Hegel's dialectical convulsions of history, pregnant with saviours of mankind, or Fichte's inflammatory appeals to the German nation, or Schleiermacher's religion for enlightened and educated people. Schopenhauer was the most radical anti-rationalist philosopher of the German nineteenth century.

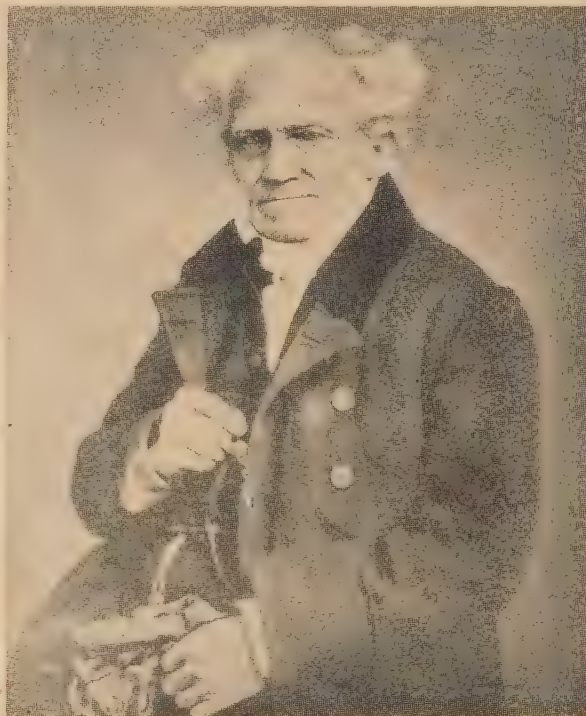
This statement, however, may land us in difficulties. For what precisely is a rationalist? If you consult a sufficiently large number of philosophical text-books, you are sure to find the title of rationalist

given by one to Aristotle and by the second to Hegel, now to Leibnitz and now again to Karl Marx, in one place to Thomas Aquinas and in another to John Stuart Mill. Small wonder, then, that common usage has taken the word into its own unphilosophical hands, praising with it, or stigmatising, as the case may be, a man who tends to believe that human beings are, on the whole, quite clever enough to manage their affairs without much help from God; that evil is mainly a sort of social thoughtlessness and sin the wrong end of a stick, the right end of which points at psychological maladjustment; and that there is always some hope for a changing world if indeed it does not actually change in the direction of hopelessness.

But whatever view we take of rationalism, and whether we try to understand it in a philosophical sense or in the sense of the pamphleteers, every possible variety of it would have provoked the brilliant rage and philosophical contempt of Arthur Schopenhauer. For he believed that the innermost principle holding the world together and driving it on in senseless rotations, was the very opposite of reason; and that therefore man was forever deceived in his ever-renewed attempts to act in accordance with 'natural reason', or fundamentally to better his estate by rational arrangements. Schopenhauer once said that in his seventeenth year he was as overwhelmed by the misery of life as Buddha was in his youth. Schopenhauer's whole philosophy sprang from this impulse. Sustained by his splendid intelligence and enormous knowledge, the moral protest against the evils of existence grew into a philosophical structure both beautifully coherent and blatantly inconsistent. It shares, in fact, all the passionate coherence and logical inconsistency of that moral radicalism which is its source. For moral indignation, protesting that this is the worst of all possible worlds, will sweep aside the intelligence which insists that it can think of a world far worse; namely a world *without* this moral indignation.

Schopenhauer was one of the profoundest and one of the most mistaken minds of the nineteenth century. This peculiar combination will seem absurd only to those who believe that philosophy is necessarily like solving mathematical problems or like examining logical propositions. But there would hardly be much left of the tradition of philosophy if we restricted the term to, say, logic. In metaphysics, ethics or aesthetics, on the other hand, there are no 'solutions' of problems, but merely absolutions from them. Philosophy is largely a way of seeking and communicating deliverance from the stresses and distresses of the mind. And Schopenhauer was a metaphysician. He found his intellectual absolution from the problem of evil by postulating that the world is not the creation of a divinely benevolent intelligence, but the self-expression—the objectification, as he called it—of a blind life-force, the Will, which, if not evil in itself, is yet a perpetual offence to man's moral sensibility. There is only one problem of existence: the problem of the will to exist; and only one solution to it: to give up willing. The *summum bonum* is not to exist; or as the ancient philosopher said, not to be born.

The Viennese writer Alfred Polgar once quoted this ancient philosopher and added: 'Indeed, not to be born! But who of us has had such luck? Among a hundred thousand hardly one'. For Schopen-



Arthur Schopenhauer in 1859, a year before his death

* The third of five talks on 'The Revolt against Liberalism and Rationalism'

hauer this is not a question of luck. It is a question of virtue; and to be born means participation in guilt. For every day anew we condone the original guilt by not merely accepting but actually willing our existence and, in the act of procreation, becoming consciously involved in the conspiracy of the Will. The highest virtue, on the other hand, will undo the damage of being born. No, not by suicide. Suicide is nothing but the hysterical self-consummation of the Will, the mad Will's final self-assertion. The true answer is saintliness, the will-less life of pure contemplation.

You may think that German is a clumsy language and may know Hegel's self-defeating remark about Schelling's philosophy: 'It is the night in which all cats are grey'. There is nothing clumsy or dark in Schopenhauer's style. It has the lucidity of Latin, the witty brilliance and rhetorical flow of French, the crispness of English and a precision which is the more precise for having been wrested from the native imprecision of the medium. Schopenhauer is a great prose writer and—one is almost tempted to say, therefore—a very faulty metaphysician. But his faults are immensely significant. They are the inescapable faults of a theology without God, a doctrine of original sin without a supreme law-giver, an acknowledgment of a divine faculty in man without divine creation, a message of redemption without a redeemer.

Read the glorification of saintliness with which the first volume of *The World as Will and Idea* ends. Even in translation the vigour of Schopenhauer's language will reach you, something of the profound relief this will-tortured mind found in the contemplation of the heaven of Christian saints, with their 'inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the Will has vanished'. It is indeed unbefitting to break this peace with philosophical questions, and one would not dare to do it, had it not been a peace with consequences. The consequences were most warlike noises.

Confidence in Nothing

'That inviolable confidence'. The question is: confidence in what? 'Only knowledge remains'. The question is: knowledge of what? Schopenhauer's answer is and must be: confidence in Nothing, knowledge of Nothing. For if the abandoned Will is truly the sole sustainer of the world, if there is no world beside the Will, then there can only be Nothing where the Will is not. And yet Schopenhauer furnishes this Nothing with the holiest possessions of man: a true and selfless vision and the ultimate goodness of the contemplative life. But what truth is there to see, what goodness to contemplate? On one side the setting of the dark and will-inspired world, and on the other the rising of a luminous Nothing. Ever since, this Nothing has haunted philosophy and literature alike. Its learned name is nihilism.

Schopenhauer, of course, was no nihilist. The exploration and exposition of nihilism was left to his great disciple and renegade Nietzsche, who, significantly enough, believed that he himself had overcome nihilism—by overcoming Schopenhauer. For Schopenhauer only just escaped nihilism by cheating his own metaphysical system of its rightful conclusion which in itself is nihilistic in the extreme: the ultimate reality of the world is the blind, senseless, a-moral Will. Its denial, so highly commendable, must needs leave us with Nothing. But at this point Schopenhauer, as we have seen, drops philosophy and picks up the philosophers' stone, making gold from nothing. The whole of his metaphysics is shot through with this kind of alchemy. It is the alchemy of the artist, and indeed the most satisfying section of his work is his philosophy of art. It thrives, as it were, on the flawless inconsistency of his metaphysics. Art, Schopenhauer says, is only art in so far as it reflects the vision of a mind who, in the act of artistic creation, rises above his own willing self and becomes the temporary brother of the saint in the state of pure contemplation. Contemplating what? The Platonic ideas, says Schopenhauer, the eternal forms of all transient things. And what are these eternal forms? The primary and lasting models of the Will objectifying itself. And what is the Will? The answer we know in all its unpleasantness. And yet the eternal forms of this vast unpleasantness, contemplated by the artist, yield works of art, the supreme pleasure of the human race. Is this not sheer alchemy? It is the alchemy that Nietzsche rejected.

If the world is nothing but the objectification of a senseless principle, well then, said Nietzsche, let us not play truant and in a cowardly way absent ourselves from reality to dream the nursery dreams of redeeming nothingness. If truth is an ugly thing, then works of art are

not reflections of ultimate truth, but beautiful illusions. If good and evil have no roots in the fundamental nature of existence, then let us discard these chimeras of the human mind. If we are too weak to bear as much reality, let us become stronger. Thus Schopenhauer's world as Will, *denied* in the saintly contemplation of empty heavens, becomes Nietzsche's world as Will to Power, *affirmed* in the superhuman acceptance of a world truly beyond good and evil.

From this point onwards the consequences are clear. They can often, though not always, be traced back to Schopenhauer's distinct influence. The mind of Europe was ready to receive the impact of a pessimistic philosophy of the Will, as much as, on the other extreme, it liked to entertain at its more optimistic feasts the Hegelian Messiah, dispensing rational salvation through the progress of history. As for Schopenhauer, his great essay on 'The Will in Nature' seems like the metaphysical mould in which Darwin's theory of evolution is cast, and much of Freud's psychology of the unconscious reads like a sustained rationalisation of Schopenhauer's philosophy of sex, this 'focal point of the Will'. Schopenhauer's metaphysics of the Will is alive in Richard Wagner's pessimistic sensationalism as well as in Baudelaire's delicious gloom; we find it in the German novel, from Raabe to Thomas Mann; it is in Bergson's *élan vital* and in Bernard Shaw's more cheerful life-force, in Aldous Huxley's non-attachment and in Koestler's *Yogi and the Commissar*; and his philosophy of the 'impersonal' artist has anticipated much in modern aesthetic speculation, from Nietzsche to Rilke, Valéry, and T. S. Eliot.

But beyond all theory and art, the foolish world rushed in where Schopenhauer's angels so wisely feared to tread—for there was only Nothing to tread upon. Neither Kant nor his self-willed disciple Schopenhauer could really satisfy the world, and certainly not their Germans, the eternal fools of metaphysical consistency. Both Kant and Schopenhauer were great stoic philosophers; Kant's is the stoicism of reason, Schopenhauer's the stoicism of morality. There is no knowing what the Absolute is, said Kant; yet let us trust our moral intuition intimating that there is God. There is no God; rather something like the devil, said Schopenhauer; yet let us deny the devil by choosing the bliss of nothingness. But the world, of course, remained deaf to the subtleties of philosophical 'but's'. Most people only heard that there was no knowing and that there was no God, and felt ill at ease in a place at once incomprehensible and radically reduced in value—the ideal playground for every ideological impostor with an offer of total comprehension, total liberation and total subjugation of this doubtful world.

History has turned the pessimistic substance of which Schopenhauer's sublime metaphysics of the Will is made, into very base matter indeed. Did Schopenhauer guess it? Of course he did. For he believed that this reduction of the sublime to base matter was the perpetual, unavoidable and therefore the only safely predictable accomplishment of history. He hated all political movements, all historical ideologies and all Hegelians. 'These fools', he said of the Hegelians, 'do not know that what really is, is the same at all times. They believe that it will develop and one day arrive'. Even his tombstone had to bear witness to his contempt for history. His testament decreed that only his name should mark his grave, 'my name with nothing whatsoever added to it, no date, no year, nothing at all, not a syllable'.

A poodle and a Buddha in a room with the address 'Beautiful Prospect', the philosophy of an evil world, of renunciation and of saintliness without God, a street full of revolutionary noise, a timeless tombstone's distrust of history, and a future under the shadow of the Will to Power—it is an odd but formidable list of questions put before the rational-liberal examination candidate. No marks, says Dr. Schopenhauer's rubric, will be given for mere optimistic padding.

—Third Programme

Footnote

You do not know if this one is the villain
Who takes your home, or he who built it up;
Oh both he is, with lash and easeful pillow,
Your death, and succouring cross upon your lips.

He breaks your heart yet holds it fast together;
His is the sword, and salve upon your wound;
The tenant of the elegiac spirit.

Loneliness first is murderer, then friend.

I. R. ORTON

London Art Exhibitions



Above, left: 'Portrait of Lucian Freud', from the exhibition of paintings by Francis Bacon at the Hanover Gallery, where E. Bex and Philippe Jullian are also exhibiting

Above: 'Monks in a Garden', from the exhibition of illuminations, watercolours, and drawings by Dom Robert at Gimpel Fils, where pottery by James Tower may also be seen

Left: 'Village de la Martinique' (1887) by Gauguin, from the exhibition of recent acquisitions at Tooth's

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Classics and Commercial:

A Literary Chronicle of the Forties

By Edmund Wilson. W. H. Allen. 15s.

THE ENGLISH READER may feel discouraged by this unattractive, photograph-lithograph-reproduced, unimaginatively titled book, which seems a mere string of articles from *The New Yorker* casually put together. Perhaps he may be further inhibited by the forbiddingly American first half-dozen essays, concerned with what reads like a Harvard quarrel between Edmund Wilson and Archibald MacLeish, a discussion of the American literary histories of Van Wyck Brooks, and an essay about Californian novelists, entitled 'The Boys in the Back Room'.

But if he can overcome these obstacles, he will find this a book which, without sacrificing anything in the way of learning and acumen, brings to literary criticism something of the charm of the essays of Max Beerbohm. Despite its appearance it is of very general interest. Edmund Wilson discusses Dr. Johnson, Evelyn Waugh, Thomas Love Peacock, Thackeray, Gogol, Cyril Connolly, Kafka, Sartre, Somerset Maugham, Max Beerbohm, Ronald Firbank, Harold Nicolson, and Shaw, as well as contemporary Americans. Although all the essays are of an occasional nature, he has a wide learning and warm human interest in his subjects, which make his criticism of a book seem a relevant discussion of the civilisation which has produced it, without in the least losing sight of the particular book and writer. Thus his remarks about James Cain, William Saroyan, and John Steinbeck—to take three examples—can be warmly recommended as an introduction to the kind of American life these writers describe. What can be more amusing and yet more illuminating and what could more stimulate our curiosity about America than his summary of the plot of John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*: 'The whole book is in the nature of an explanation of why Julian threw the highball in the face of the Irish climber; yet the explanation doesn't convince us that the inevitable end for Julian would be the suicide to which his creator brings him'.

Mr. Wilson is a challenging critic with deep convictions of his own, who is often in strong disagreement with current judgments. Yet he is undogmatic, and, even when at his most hostile, does not show the dusty rancour of dons and most literary men. When he attacks it is more in the spirit of the child who observed that the admired Emperor was wearing no clothes, than in that of a professional critic. Amongst those on whom he finds the garments to be singularly lacking are Harold Nicolson (in all his books except *Some People*), Aldous Huxley in his later novels, and Evelyn Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited*. 'The Apotheosis of Somerset Maugham' is an attack of a deadly kind, for it attacks Maugham precisely at the point where he is supposed by his admirers and (to judge from *Summing Up*) by himself to be strongest—in his workmanlike style. Mr. Wilson dismisses this in a sentence: 'Mr. Maugham, whose language is always banal, has not even an interesting rhythm'. Though this is supported by the passages which Mr. Wilson quotes, there is a good deal to be said on the other side.

A refreshing aspect of Mr. Wilson's criticism is his interest in best-sellers, detective fiction, and other kinds of popular literature which are social phenomena of our times. There is a surprisingly sympathetic criticism of a book called *The Robe*, by Lloyd C. Douglas, which became, apparently,

in 1942 one of the greatest successes of publishing history. Mr. Wilson examines the motives of a huge public for liking this book which is an account of Roman life at the time of Jesus, and decides that on the whole they are kindly and Christian rather than brutal and pagan ones.

Classics and Commercial is enlivened by several anecdotes, the most amusing of which concerns Max Beerbohm. 'One of the younger English writers had shown Max a copy of *Finnegans Wake*. The veteran of the *Yellow Book*... examined this outlandish production; then, "I don't think", he said, "he'll be knighted for that". Max himself had just been knighted'.

British Pamphleteers: Vol. II; From the French Revolution to the Present Time. By A. J. P. Taylor and Reginald Reynolds. Wingate. 21s.

Much of the pleasure in this second volume of pamphlets comes from the unusual circumstance of the collaborators' strong disagreement about the contents. The compère, Mr. Taylor, seems to have hated at sight the stars chosen by the casting director, Mr. Reynolds, and to have fallen for the ugly sisters.

The principle on which the selection was made is obscure. Mr. Taylor says it is to exhibit pamphleteers rather than pamphlets, 'to display some remarkable individuals'. Mr. Reynolds clearly had another object. His twenty specimens are rather the choice of a contemporary left-winger. They are for the most part sunk in politics. True, there are Tories in the team, but they were chosen to demonstrate their folly and wickedness. It is a pity. There were so many good pamphleteers in the nineteenth century: Peacock, Macaulay, Newman, Bagehot, Ruskin, Arnold, Huxley, Belloc; in the twentieth, Laski and Keynes. We expect a pamphlet to be presented with reason and wit, with passion, even with malice, and in a prose exciting to read. Cobbett and Shaw, neither of whom is here, are the models. We could well spare Laurence Housman's parable for his brother's scalding denunciation of van Wanganigen. We have the flaccid prose of *Useful Work versus Useless Toil* by the creator of that barometer of the rare book market, the Kelmscott Chaucer: it is time something was done about Morris' overblown reputation. And there is a piece from the sentimental Edward Carpenter.

Apart from these, however, there are writers we are glad to see once more: Thelwall with the most vigorous and cogent defence of the French Revolution, written in prose in which passion is tempered by reasoned argument; Gibbon Wakefield, lively in satire on hanging and transportation; William Hone, a caustic guttersnipe at the perhaps too easy target of George IV; Brougham on the House of Lords. There is, from R. L. Stevenson, the justifiable flaying of the Rev. Dr. Hyde for his slanders of Father Damien; and last of all, something which is not properly a pamphlet; Saunders Lewis' defence of the Welsh nationalists' burning of the Hell's Mouth bombing school, a piece of writing which touches a dignity, a depth and a purity beyond any of the others, save possibly Thelwall.

To each piece is added a long note on the circumstances of its issue, and it is over these that the editors have fallen out. Mr. Taylor's introduction blows a brisk wind of common-sense. Sydney Smith, held up by Mr. Reynolds as a reactionary, was merely sensible enough to say that you wouldn't get Utopia by the ballot. Carlyle, a champion of oppression from Mr.

Reynolds' platform, was quite right in saying the West Indian Negro would be worse off emancipated. H. N. Brailsford's 1915 pamphlet, praised by Mr. Reynolds for its accuracy, is denounced as 'an example of British complacency at its worst, as well as being bad history'. In short, Mr. Taylor, cantankerous, realistic, and anti-authoritarian, handles his colleague's favourites as so many Aunt Sallies, pointing out that even the Chartists were not fighting for an authoritarian State but its very contrary, liberty. It is very refreshing to meet an intellectual maintaining his liberty to think in days when most have committed their minds to the custody of a political creed. 'Dans l'univers si troublé qui nous environne, la lucidité reste le devoir le plus impérieux'. The introduction alone is worth the money.

Twilight of the Mughals

By Percival Spear. Cambridge. 18s.
Kingdoms of Yesterday. By Sir Arthur Cunningham Lothian. Murray. 21s.

Although the periods covered by these two books are separated by more than one hundred years, there are certain parallels between them which are unusually significant. Both are concerned with periods of 'twilight', when an old historical system was giving place to radically different conceptions. In the one case, it was the Mughul empire which, in the period 1761-1857 was gradually superseded by the British. In the other, it was the Indian States which between the years 1920 and 1947 were challenged by the Congress and were ultimately absorbed by independent India. In both cases, supersession was probably inevitable for the forces arrayed against them were implacable and strong. Yet in neither case can the process be viewed without misgiving. Both forms of government had certain qualities which the succeeding systems lacked and it is essential to a just historical appraisal that these should be recognised.

Twilight of the Mughals is a conscientious and scholarly attempt to see the waning of the Mughals from an Indian point of view. Dr. Spear concedes that the anarchy, corruption, and intrigue which characterised the latter half of the eighteenth century were deplorable and that the later British administrators were often inspired by genuine benevolence. It was precisely their 'improving' instinct, however, which had disastrous consequences. The *pax Britannica* involved the over-taxation of the villages. The law courts dispensed a logical legal justice which, in practice, bore so little relationship to village realities that a case was often regarded as a financial lottery. Even in financial matters, the new efficiency was often far too ruthless. As a result, the Indian village which had survived for centuries as a vigorous unit collapsed in the nineteenth century because it was constantly interfered with. Equally from the view-point of Indian culture, the ending of the Mughals was far from uniformly happy. However effete the dynasty had grown, it still appealed to the popular imagination. The Mughul court was still accepted as the school of manners for the whole of Hindustan. Its etiquette helped to cement society and even the Marathas felt its subtle and all-pervading influence. It is not surprising therefore that the Mughul extinction 'inaugurated that period of non-descript manners and indefinite conduct from which India suffers today'. Above all, the later Mughals—and in particular, Bahadur Shah

II—had shown the same interest in art and poetry which had characterised Akbar and Jahangir. On the side of painting, Dr. Spear somewhat exaggerates this role, for the artist Jiwan Ram whose work he cites was actually of little consequence and, in any case, was as much a product of British influence as of the later Mughul tradition. In poetry, on the other hand, Bahadur Shah made a highly important contribution. He not only patronised poetry but wrote it himself and even today his songs are part of the oral tradition of Northern India. Such a figure brings out with special force the loss which India suffered from the Mughul eclipse. 'If Bahadur Shah', Dr. Spear remarks, 'had been an engineer or financier, he would have been highly respected; but he was a poet and so could expect no more consideration than the same men gave to Shelley, Byron, or Keats'. It was this indifference to Indian art and poetry, an indifference which in fact extended to Indian culture generally, which blighted the British system throughout the nineteenth century and helps to explain why even now the fate of the Mughuls should arouse in us a tinge of regret.

A similar feeling is prompted by recent developments in the Indian States. Here the British had for long acted in a manner which was certainly much nearer to the kind of policy favoured by Dr. Spear. The fault, as Sir Arthur Lothian points out in his volume of pleasant reminiscences, was much more one of under-administration than maladministration. Tax collection was more elastic, rulers were often more easily accessible, the villagers were left alone and, as a result, the people as a whole were often much happier than in British India. Yet with the India of the Provinces racing towards democracy, this policy was in the event to prove equally fatal, for following independence the princely regime was quickly ended and even Hyderabad was forcibly annexed. It was the abruptness of the change-over, the lack of adequate warning and the resulting sense of betrayal caused by the British Government's *volte face* which Sir Arthur emphasises in his book and which constituted the tragedy.

The Eastern Zone and Soviet Policy in Germany 1945-1950

By J. P. Nettl. Oxford. 21s.

Thanks to the keyhole and sounding board of Berlin, conditions in east Germany under Russian occupation are not as secret as conditions in Russia's satellite countries. One or two books about them have already appeared in this country, and there was a striking article in the *Political Quarterly* in 1948. Mr. Nettl has not disdained to profit by his predecessors in the field, but he has gone further, and his study is more elaborate, more carefully documented, and hence more informative than anything before. Its publication is opportune, for its subject is of major concern to the west, especially now that discussions between east and west seem to be acquiring continuity. In addition, what has happened in east Germany may yield clues to the general pattern inside the Russian orbit.

The thesis of the book is that the chief reason why the Russians wished to be in control of a large area of Germany at the end of the war was their determination to get reparations, and that the same determination explains all that has occurred from the moment the Third Reich disintegrated. It was, Mr. Nettl says, Russian insistence on hastily beginning removals away to Russia that so soon destroyed quadripartite unanimity. It was partly owing to the extent of reparations being exacted that a pure communist policy in east Germany was impossible, and that measures, communist in tendency, had to be represented as responding only

to the needs of the situation. For the sake, too, of reparations, the Russians purchased real estate, operated a black market in scarce goods, and set up on German soil Soviet-owned productive trusts. The consequence is that their relations with the conquered have never been friendly, and not least because they were known to have gone so far as to re-export from Russia goods obtained on reparations account from Germany.

Mr. Nettl concludes that communism has sent down no roots among the Germans. The moment Russian bayonets were withdrawn the political power of the Unity party would shrivel as rapidly as the flow of reparations eastwards would dry up. Owing to the exploitation of Germany, and owing further to the hostility to Germany bred in Russian opinion during the war, so that the supposed blessings of communism could not be openly extended to the conquered, the east has remained predominantly bourgeois in feeling and conduct. And in the west, short of war, 'only a series of major political blunders on the part of the west German government and the western powers can bring about communist control'.

The Antarctic Problem. By E. W. Hunter Christie. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

The present dispute between the United Kingdom, Argentina and Chile concerning the possession of the British antarctic territories known as the Falkland Islands Dependencies has aroused remarkably little interest in this country. Unfortunately the same is not true of the two South American republics, where a misinformed public opinion has been inflamed in support of extravagant territorial claims at British expense.

Mr. Christie has now provided a useful summary of the discovery and exploration of the disputed areas, which comprise that part of the antarctic continent which lies to the south of South America, including Graham Land and the off-lying island groups known as the South Shetlands and the South Orkneys and, to the north-east, the South Sandwich Islands and South Georgia. By telling the history of these regions from the beginnings of antarctic exploration to the present day Mr. Christie enables us to understand the solid foundations upon which the British title to sovereignty, first proclaimed in 1908, was based, and how it has been maintained in recent years by the excellent work of the Discovery Committee at sea and of the British Graham Land Expedition and the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey on land. But by devoting so much of his book to the historical background of the dispute, Mr. Christie has not given the present antarctic problem the full consideration which it so urgently requires. Argentina and Chile have in the last decade pressed their claims without any regard for established British rights: they have steadily refused to accede to the British request that the rival claims may be adjudicated at the international court.

There are now believed to be few if any mineral resources of importance in the antarctic, and, should any new discoveries be made, it is extremely doubtful whether their exploitation would be practicable for many years to come. The main practical value of this desolate portion of the globe, apart from the whaling industry, would appear to lie in the weather stations which have been established there, whose reports are very important for countries lying well to the north of the Antarctic Circle, and for shipping in southern waters. There are in addition important strategic considerations: thus the United Kingdom is primarily interested in the control of the southern side of Drake Passage, the sea lane between the South Pacific and the South Atlantic. Many countries are interested

in these considerations, including Norway, France, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the United States and the U.S.S.R.

There has in the past been a wide and friendly co-operation among countries interested in polar research, and this spirit of good-will has done much to advance the cause of science as well as that of international understanding. There are today many difficulties in the path of those who would maintain this time-honoured tradition, and those who read Mr. Christie's book will begin to appreciate what these obstacles are.

The Birth of Civilisation in the Near East. By Henri Frankfort.

Williams and Norgate. 16s.

What is civilisation? How did it begin? Why after men had lived for an immense span of time in the palaeolithic stage did they coalesce into a new grouping which we now describe as 'civilised'? In his Preface, Professor Frankfort asks two questions about the roots of Egyptian and Mesopotamian civilisation. To what extent can their roots be known? What were the forces that brought them into being?

Though he rightly concludes that no definitive answer can be given, yet in this extremely interesting book he manages to tell us much of the 'how' even if he cannot give us the 'why'. He is to be congratulated on making his account short, succinct and on the whole easy for the ordinary man to read. The exception is the first chapter which the general reader may find daunting, for it contains a philosophical criticism on theories of civilisation that calls for some special knowledge of Spengler and Toynbee, both of whom are subjected to severe castigation. These preliminary reflections on historical method are marred by an excessive use of professional jargon with which the plain man could well dispense. But this paves the way to a discussion of the two rising civilisations in the ancient Near East, and the theme is treated with enthusiasm and imagination together with a wealth of knowledge. Occasionally, it may be, Professor Frankfort is somewhat dogmatic in his assertions. He lays it down for instance, that Sumerian civilisation evolved into something quite different from its original equalitarian way of life—but was the community ever an equalitarian one? There appears to be no evidence to show that it was. Not that one would quarrel with the author for his assumptions. Nothing is more tedious in a historian than a too cautious and hesitating attitude. 'It may possibly have been'—'We cannot be certain that'—'It would be unwise to presume': phrases such as these make poor reading, and are, moreover, unprovocative to the mind. One must, to put it bluntly, be willing to stick out one's neck. Professor Frankfort is always willing to stick out his neck, and his writing is thereby made stimulating and constructive.

The divergent paths of Mesopotamia and Egypt are clearly portrayed and in themselves of extraordinary interest. The Egyptian, concerned from the start with death rather than with life is yet shown to be the more factual, the more materialistic and, one cannot avoid concluding, the happier of the two. The awareness of death sharpens the pleasures of life, and accordingly the after-life is conceived in strict everyday terms. The Mesopotamian, geographically exposed to danger and to change, was concerned with living his life in the service of the gods and was never entirely certain of understanding what those remote and capricious masters required of him. He had therefore more speculation, a tendency to seek a solution in abstract no less than in concrete terms.

In reading this short but vivid description of these beginnings of civilisation, the inherent

tendencies of human nature seem very close and familiar. Six thousand years, one realises, is a very short time in the life history of man. What will always be a fascinating speculation is what

exactly man thought and believed, before he became able to express himself upon papyrus and clay. We can deduce, but we cannot know. The instinct for clear cut perfection, and for fact in

the Egyptian, and his insistence on belief in 'Maat'—the essential justice of Truth—is well stressed by Professor Frankfort, and this must have been an instinct of long standing.

New Novels

The House of Breath. By William Goyen. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.

Monsieur Teste. By Paul Valéry. Peter Owen. 25s.

The Spendthrifts. By Pérez Galdós. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.

Rotting Hill. By Wyndham Lewis. Methuen. 14s.

QUESTION: What kin are we all to each other, anyway? Answer: Lice on the same heap of dung.

The question, asked by the most goitrous and garrulous of all Mr. Goyen's goitrous and garrulous characters, is quoted by an enraptured blurb as the key question of *The House of Breath*, first novel by Goyen himself but not the first to be sired by the Kinsey report out of Virginia Woolf. The answer given is my seven word précis of the whole affair. Like all generalisations, however, it tends to be misleading; for while the people in this book have many insect qualities (they swarm, bite, crawl, and live off the garbage into which they burrow), their capacity for hysterical vision and explosive sex inflates both them and their world until they find themselves in a nightmare country with William Blake and Salvador Dalí as co-regents. Arriving there panting behind them, Mr. Goyen gets breathlessly to work with his impressionistic method, and the result is an absolute wow.

The vision is a mystico-poetic muddle of tall trees, deep rivers, and soft valleys, all of which, in some Wordsworthian way, one yearns to absorb into oneself, or, alternatively, by which one yearns to be absorbed—the latter end being symbolically but not Wordsworthily achieved by reprehensible behaviour when bathing. As far as this goes, the result is a kind of impressive nag: the prose is not good enough to carry it all off, and it must be straightly said that, even granted the habitual confusion of pantheistic ecstasy, there is no essential incompatibility between the rush of vision and the rules of punctuation. So far, then, we award B+ for a good try.

But then we come to the author's treatment of sex. Just as one is beginning to feel that Mr. Goyen is rather a fraudulent version of the wedding guest and definitely lacks the latter's staying power, the gates are thrown open and down roars a flood of sheer, physical passion that knocks one absolutely flat. The whole book, in fact, is not merely kept going but positively flogged along by the flailing birch of sexual excitement. There are times, of course, when Mr. Goyen takes us back to the moaning and decaying elders of his farcical town of Charity; but here his performance is about as apposite as that of a dentist with a road-mender's drill. When he is dealing with youth, on the other hand, when he is on to the agonising repressions of puberty, the sweaty incompetence and the guilt of adolescence, when above all, he is describing pure, naked lust, he gets into a class by himself, out-Faulkners Faulkner and makes Hadley Chaste. It will take you two and half hours to read this book, and every ten minutes (just as sleep comes creeping) you will be blown a mile high by some crackling, gargantuan orgasm, some magnificent and truly cosmic coitus.

Monsieur Teste of the novel which bears his name, is also a cosmic phenomenon but rather different in kind. He derives his name from *tête*, and he is the purely intellectual man, the mind walking, and hence, some would have it,

Paul Valéry himself. Valéry certainly came to a point where he began to ignore the arts and to plump for the abstract and flawless joys of mathematics, logic and the rest; but others say he saw this whole book as his personality, uniting as it does Mind (M. Teste), Soul and Sensibility (Mme. Teste), and a modicum of Worldly Wisdom (M. Teste's friend). Either of these assertions could be true; but out of charity to, and ignorance of, the author's private life, I prefer to regard this book as largely allegorical, as a philosophical but fictionalised treatise on the nature, not of Valéry, but of Man.

It is, then, a book remarkable for concision of style and power of thought—but a book which stresses *ad nauseam* the most sterile aspects of its subjects. The relation between mind, soul and experience is, as Sir Charles Sherrington has shown, a fascinating study. It is this study which should, on the face of it, be the great feature of *Monsieur Teste*. But it is not; this particular trilateral relationship receives one full and absorbing chapter to itself and then—silence. Emphasis, both before and after, is thrown on M. Teste, or Mind, alone, and one gets the (erroneous) impression that it is only this which Valéry really understood. For we come in for a discussion of mind *in vacuo*, a discussion which seeks to bring out the utter independence and self-contained value of mind. From Aristotle onwards, such discussions have arrived at one sterile conclusion, magnificent but repellent: that absolute mind turns to itself alone for sustenance. One has Aristotle's Mind-God and one has Valéry's M. Teste, both of them wrapped in self-contemplation—one has, in fact, a Lunatic Intellectuality that winds up as Intellectual Onanism. This book is succinct, persuasive, and a masterpiece of writing: but the only attractive thing about it is the ritzy get-up of Peter Owen's limited, luscious, almost edible edition.

And now for a little human vanity, pathetic and rather endearing after an overdose of intellectual pride. Pérez Galdós' *La Ode Bringas*, translated from the Spanish by Gamel Woolsey, with what accuracy I know not but with fluency and charm, is concerned with a brilliant and amusing society which had the misfortune to be based on debt. Full of excitement that *somebody* other than Cervantes should have written a novel in Spanish, people have rushed round the cocktail parties citing Dickens, Balzac, and, after midnight, Dante, and by so doing, I think, have considerably weakened Galdós' case. To be strictly fair, take Trollope, remove his heartiness and his fatuous respect for the upper-class English Rose, sprinkle, not too liberally, the cayenne pepper of cynicism, and then add a Proustian ability to make large and significant issues turn on a pivot of triviality. The triviality in the case of *The Spendthrifts* is the heroine, Doña Rosalia, and her infatuate love of dress. Proceeding upwards and outwards from this point, we gradually widen the field and find ourselves in the company of superb parasites, archetypal scroungers, and (wheeling them, ex-

plotting them, sucking their blood) the tradesmen, moneylenders and cuckold-makers of Madrid. But the higher the structure grows from its base, the further we climb from the single point of Doña Rosalia's absurdity (on which the whole, like an inverted pyramid, is supported), the more cumbersome this monstrous edifice becomes, the more proliferous in writhing ornament and the inbreeding rococo of irrelevance. For topping the whole lot is the Queen herself and her court, housed in a vast palace with internal squares and streets of its own, surrounded by a veritable host of bureaucrats, buffoons and bottlewashers, of page boys, pettifoggers and priests: and not one of them all but is absorbed day and night in obtaining any kind of favour from a fat sinecure to a free railway voucher, not one of them that would not put his own children in the oven rather than give an inadequate dinner, not one of them that is not crippled and riddled with debt. Fantastic merry-go-round in the midst of Vanity Fair! Masterly confection to give spice to history's banquet! *Chef d'œuvre* of fraudulence! But then that obscene harpy, Social Justice, comes to snatch the delicious morsel away even as one lifts it to one's mouth: which is to say that the Army and Navy revolt (Philistines!) and depose the poor, sweet-natured Queen.

But it is no good trying to pretend that Galdós approved of this fantastic set-up—he was nothing if not moral, I am afraid. Leaving morality aside, however, we conclude that Galdós excelled, not as a novelist, but as a visual artist in words. The scene and the people are brilliant—but he recorded action and folly rather than feeling and distress. His genius was for the surface, for the pattern—there is pride but never agony. He observed, no doubt, with interest: but he stated without enthusiasm, recounted without pity, deduced without indignation, and concluded without tears.

Pérez Galdós, though a man of moral and social conscience, yet realised that he had been granted the privileges of the artist and so must obey the dictates of art. A fairly obvious deduction? It has eluded Mr. Wyndham Lewis. In *Rotting Hill*, a collection of short stories, the points he makes are sometimes good and always provocative: he has some amusing comments on Labour's post-war honeymoon with the workers, he points out that contemporary Conservatism is merely an uninteresting variant of contemporary socialism, he turns the health service into a ham harlequinade. But art has fallen beneath the axe of the pamphleteer: the novelist fails to absorb the dialectic, and mere indignation cannot make Mr. Lewis' soap-box a thing of joy for ever. In each story polemic is relentlessly triumphant; and poor fiction, like Polynices, is left to moulder outside the city—dead as a stone, but unburied and resentfully stinking.

SIMON RAVEN

[New novels are reviewed by a number of critics in turn. On January 10 Mr. Seán O'Faoláin takes over from Mr. Simon Raven]

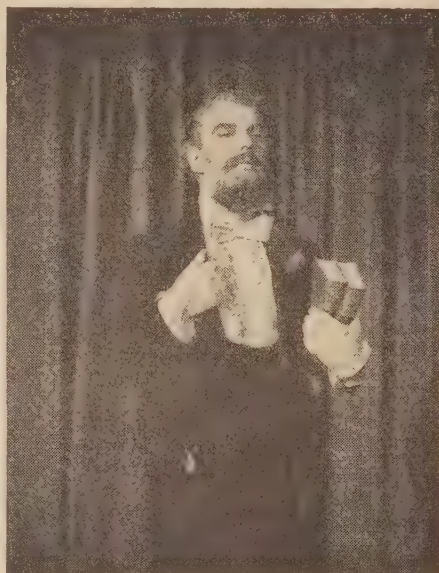
CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

The Unbelieving Eye

TWO EVENTS HAVE INTERESTED ME especially this fortnight because they seemed to throw some light on the mysterious aesthetic behaviour of the new toy which is still so unpredictable as a vehicle for art. The weather chart, I mean, may fairly hit you in the eye; while an opera by Offenbach refuses to 'come through' at all—quite apart from those technical hitches which give a mild malicious pleasure. (To watch a completely silent commentator smiling and mouthing graciously into a hand microphone is an unbargained-for joke and a lot better than some of the jokes provided.) But the two events I have in mind had an extra edge of interest beyond their intrinsic merits. One was Christopher Fry's play; the other Mr. Emlyn Williams doing his Dickens reading. This, in the theatre, is already an accepted success. When I saw it first at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, I knew nothing about it in advance and rather expected to be bored. Like most people of my age, I had memories of being bored by Dickens recitals at school and associated being read aloud to with



Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens

made the inflections even as I remembered seeing him make them in the theatre. And not one tiny drop of mesmeric fluid seeped through. It was as dull as watching a conjuror or a cooking demonstrator. I can only report this. Others may have been differently affected. But I fancy that it throws some light on the reasons why certain sorts of histrionics so signally fail to 'come off' on the television screen. There is apparently something in the actual presence of the actor which fails to filter through the tube; or is it the absence of other people, the mass suspension of disbelief? I wonder how Ruth Draper would fare on television. Would that coffee pot or gardening bag which, in the theatre, we positively 'see' forming itself in her gesturing hand, fail to materialise on the screen; should we merely see a rather fussy and mannered American lady apparently acting to herself?

I find this the more worrying since, last week, irked by the unambitious realism of so much television drama, I pleaded for a break from the naturalistic modes of the contemporary stage. As if in reply, we had last week Mr. Fry's church play, 'A Sleep of Prisoners', in which the producer, W. P. Rilla, to a large extent followed the expressionistic mime of the original production in St. Thomas', Regent Street. This is in many ways a fine if somewhat obscure parable; the product, some may think, of a desire to write an aspiring church drama rather than a bolt from the imagination or a cry from the heart; but it has very considerable verbal interest, a dusting of clever puns, and the kind of imagery which in a darkened church kept us all sitting on the edge of our hard pew seats. Forgetful of the pain, in the fog of numinous emotions which had been released, we joined the swaddies in their dream-charades about Abel and Cain, Isaac and Abraham, Absalom, and the fiery furnace, with defiance hurled at Nebuchad-

nezzar (was it?). I remember thinking the pacifist sermon slightly ambiguous but feeling a clutch in the throat all the same. But the eye of faith and the eye fixed to the television screen see things differently. In this excellently acted production the real and the super-real did not commingle happily, though we had plenty of fancy shots and superimpositions of images like a Ufa film of the 'twenties or those gay ideas they think up in Kaleidoscope, where adagio dancers appear to be waltzing in a champagne goblet. The eye, alas, the viewer's eye, which takes in impartially so many actualities, blows in the boxing ring, crashes on the speedway and such, stares hard, literally and unimaginatively, and sees—or saw here—only an arty kind of dumb crambo, as it might be an undress-rehearsal of 'Lady Precious Stream' in the sergeants' mess. I salute the four soldiers involved; John Slater, Robin Lloyd, Andrew Leigh, and Peter Williams. I also make obeisance to Mr. Fry and the bold spirits who brave low-brow fury with a play of ideas. But not even the fiery furnace would make me call it a success; one watched, but how coldly! However, this may be only a personal reaction. My charlady, a great viewer, observed 'It made a lovely change, really'. It did that, certainly.

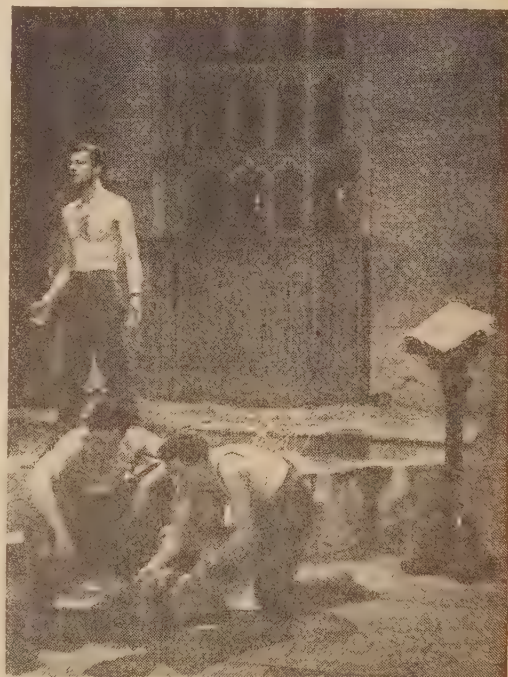
I must leave discussion of the Christmas plays until later, but I should like to find space to recall an experimental drawn film, 'I Had a Dream Last Night', which seems to have possibilities, not quite fully realised here. And two agreeable performances by Isabel Dean and Hugh Burden in a pretty little sentimentality about Chopin's Scottish admirer, Miss Stirling. Mr. Burden looked wonderfully unlike Chopin but got away with it. Miss Dean was charming. This



'The Story of Christmas': a nativity play for children televised on December 16

a circle of family firelight rather than the fiercer glow of the footlights. Expecting little, I was promptly hypnotised. The spell under which I went may have had more in it of the late David Lloyd George than of Charles Dickens, but a spell it certainly was.

It is generally believed that hypnotic powers may easily be transmitted by television. Is it not a fact that mesmerists are at least nominally banned from our screens for fear they might (like some other cultural messengers one could name) send the whole Midlands to sleep? Having been spellbound in the theatre I expected to be bound twice as tightly by Mr. Williams on the screen. Agog with excitement, scarcely mustering patience for Miss Dilys Powell's preliminary eulogies, I sat waiting. And nothing whatever happened! Mr. Williams appeared; went through the motions, struck the attitudes,



Christopher Fry's 'A Sleep of Prisoners' on December 16. Left to right: Peter Williams as Corporal Joe Adams, John Slater as Private David King, and Robin Lloyd as Private Peter Able

was basic television drama, which always seems to tend toward the condition of an amateur revival of 'Quality Street' seen through dark glasses.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

In Full Voice

IT HAS BEEN SAID of Peter Ustinov that, as dramatist and actor, he enjoys thinking of the old 'un. Certainly, as an actor, no young player—he is thirty—can carry a weight of years with greater ease. We could hear the cunning with which he voices age when he became the 'Smith of Smiths' in a Home Service feature, written and produced by another eminent Smith (R. D.). The microphone is a lie-detector, merciless to a voice thinly 'faked'; but Ustinov took us without apparent strain on a vocal progress through Sydney Smith's career. At beginning and end we were never conscious of anything worked-up, elaborately actorish, in the old man's rich, heavy tone, still threaded by a mercurial flicker eloquent of the quick mind. Throughout, the portrait was full. We knew that this was Smith, not a young virtuoso enjoying his skill. The feature itself was a trifle indigestible: too many plums in the cake. But one would not blame Smith (R. D.) for wishing to use as many as possible of Smith (Sydney's) show-pieces: it would have been a pity to have lost, say, Mrs. Partington of Sidmouth, her mop, and the ocean. Nobody in the programme had a tithe of Smith-Ustinov's vitality. It was not the fault of an appreciative cast. Sydney Smith, whenever and wherever he appears, cannot help being (in a phrase of his own) like a large, bright fire, a live thing in a dead room.

Another remembered voice has been Freda Falconer's in a ponderous little drama, 'That State of Life' (Light). This, by T. B. Morris, is about a village girl of promise who has unwillingly to go into service at the big house, and who cherishes revenge down the years. It is a flat, unprofitable affair; but Freda Falconer caught a sullen, lowering, wet-day note that expressed the character exactly, without ever crossing to Wurzel-in-the-Wold: the note lingers still. On the other hand, none of the pleasant voices, the nightingales, of 'Police Call' (Home) remains awake. This melodrama of telephone conversations in a far-from-gay 'Paree' grew monotonous. I could get no sharp picture of the speakers who seemed to echo each other. One expected more from an hour with Simenon.

Such monotony as this is very rare. During the past six months' intensive listening I have had few temptations to switch off, and many voices are safe in memory. Thus, before looking at my notes, I can recall William Devlin's hot-iron intonation as Tourneur's revenger, the precisely-articulated twittering of Barbara Couper and Angela Baddeley in 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel', some phrases by Leon Quartermaine as Phenius in 'The Rescue', Sir Lewis Casson's autumnal serenity as Socrates, Bernard Braden's own brand of *élan*, James McKechnie's command of pace and rhythm in 'Marmion', the accurate timing and voweling of Alan Wheatley in several programmes (but especially in the Day Lewis 'Aeneid'), and Fay Compton as Imogen, the nonpareil, in 'Cymbeline'.

The three late Shakespearean romances, 'Cymbeline', 'The Winter's Tale', and 'The Tempest', were exciting revivals. Although, in 'The Tempest', the producer had resolved too urgently to help Shakespeare out, I do not recall a better Prospero than Norman Shelley. One might have quoted Cibber on Betterton: 'In the just Delivery of Poetical Numbers . . . it is scarce credible upon how minute an Article of

Sound depends their greatest Beauty or Inaffection'. Among other revivals, my vote would be for 'Widowers' Houses' and Ivor Barnard's Lickchess. And it was pleasant, in a second Shaw production, to hear again Joan Swinstead's recorded Mrs. Warren, a good wine now nearly five years in bottle, and to note how she could fulfil for us vocally such a stage direction as: 'She swallows an epithet, and turns white at the narrowness of her escape from uttering it'. Among new plays I think at once of 'Helena'.

In Variety, although some programmes suffer from a self-conscious listen-to-me approach, 'Leisure Hour' has been unpretentious and brisk from the start. Elsewhere, now and again, we have had the proper flurry of nonsense, in a world lit by a green-cheese moon. Every Variety programme is an adventure: we may find wealth or trail into desert. I have not always been lucky with features, which can be over-cluttered; but when they are as moving as 'Wilson of the Antarctic', or when they offer such a portrait as Ustinov's Smith, then there is gold for the taking. I look forward to an active treasure-hunt in 1952.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Christmas Parcel

IN THE SEASON of good will the critic should, I think, lock his offensive weapons in the gun-room. When the Roman poet exclaimed *favete linguis*—be favourable with your tongues—the meaning of the phrase, cynically enough, was 'Shut up!' Our editor would doubtless disapprove if I interpreted it in this sense, but the act can be honestly performed not only by silence nor by replacing a frown by a smile, but by mentioning only those programmes which I wholeheartedly enjoyed. Here goes, then.

Yet another series of Reith Lectures has come and gone and in my view Lord Radcliffe's on 'Power and the State' which he concluded last week is the best we have yet heard. It was not easy to absorb because its subject is extremely complex, with ramifications—historical, philosophical, cultural, ethical—spreading from Ancient Greece to present times, but the appearance of each lecture in THE LISTENER made it possible for us to refresh our fading memories and so, in the end, to grasp the whole series. And listening was made easy not only by Lord Radcliffe's wisdom and warm humanity but also by an admirable delivery, leisurely, mellow, formal yet always personal, which not only helped us to listen but made it a pleasure to do so.

Nothing so surely induces wool-gathering, I find, as an indifferent broadcast. The eye is locomotive and so the physical exercise of reading will hold one to a book long after the interest has flagged; but the ear is a passive thing, a kitchen sink which automatically ceases to englut when plied with indigestible material, and when this occurs, the mind, grateful for the excuse, instantly begins to wander. For it is a fact that the broadcaster will forget at his peril that wool-gathering is a pleasant occupation and if he hopes to hold his audience he must supply something pleasanter still. It is for this reason that I always approach a scientific broadcast with some misgiving, for to the unscientific, science, pure and unadulterated by the arts of lively and persuasive speech, can be very hard tack. Nor does a talk entitled 'The Coming of Heredity' seem to promise high entertainment. What a delightful surprise, then, at the very opening of Dr. C. D. Darlington's talk to find oneself attracted and amused by a dry humour, neatly-turned phrases, and lively illustrations which turned the science lesson into a fascinating diversion which at the same time embodied a rapid

historical sketch, with a preliminary backward glance at the ideas of Jacob and Moses, of the concept of heredity from its beginnings in the days of Darwin to the present moment. Dr. Darlington is an accomplished aerobist.

And, yet, liveliness and humour are not indispensable to excellent broadcasting, and they were far enough away from Andrew Young's programme 'The Secret Wood', in which he read and commented on several of his poems. His comments were sternly matter-of-fact and his utterance slow, quiet, level-toned, even when reading his poems. What was it, then, that made his broadcast so absorbing that I lost all awareness of my surroundings? Partly, I think, the sense of total sincerity conveyed both by commentary and poems, and also that bare simplicity which achieves the poet's object as startlingly, economically, and infallibly as a hammer on a nail's head. Mr. Young, in fact, seems to make poetry by forswearing all the tricks of the poet's trade.

Like Hardy's, his verse has apparent awkwardnesses which prove to be more effective poetically than other poets' felicities and, like Hardy's, it has, too, the opposite virtue—the art of creating rhythms and sounds which convey the meaning almost independently of the words they employ. In his readings Mr. Young modestly refrained from drawing attention to these subtleties of rhythm and sound—a fault perhaps, but how much better than ruining them by over-accentuation.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

'Billy Budd' Again

SCHUMANN'S 'Genoveva' is the type of work which, I suppose, it is one's duty to hear once and which it was therefore dutiful of the Third Programme to bring within our reach. The experience only confirmed what one had surmised, that opera was quite outside the limits of Schumann's musical genius. There is nothing in 'Genoveva' that had not been better done by Weber in 'Euryanthe' or by Wagner in 'Tannhäuser'. Not but what the libretto was less ineffective than one might expect, taking its multiple authorship into account, and the performance seemed excellent.

For the rest, a somewhat desultory week, which included a new cantata by Elsa Barraine, exemplifying the higher naivety fashionable among *les jeunes*, was brightened by a performance which did justice to a great masterpiece. We are apt to take Handel's 'Messiah' for granted, just as the man who passes up Ludgate Hill every morning rarely notices St. Paul's. But there it stands, massive and towering and of a beautiful symmetry, only wanting some able and intelligent guide to draw our attention to the fact that besides being monumental it is a living temple of worship. In this instance the admirable guide was Mr. Charles Groves, who kept it all lively without driving it too hard. It was not meant to be a reproduction of an eighteenth-century performance, but one for everyman's enjoyment, and as such it was excellent. The solo quartet, led by Miss Isobel Baillie, whose clear, pure soprano is exactly right for the nativity music, sang well and with intelligence, though Mr. Lewis was not in good voice.

There remains 'Billy Budd', of which the first two acts were relayed from Covent Garden on Friday. This seemed to me a mistake, for, except to those who had already heard the opera, the first two acts are meaningless by themselves. The last two would make more sense, containing as they do the kernel of the tragedy. They also contain the best music—the

abortive sea-fight, and the death of Claggart and its tragic sequel.

The weakness of the first act lies in the composer's failure to cap its climax with the clinching phrase. The whole act is built up, skilfully taking in its course the exposition of the dramatic situation, to the appearance on the quarter-deck of Captain Vere. As this moment approaches, there is a cumulative chorus for the mustering ship's company, which is musically a long passage of sevenths passing through G (the dominant) on to the chord of C major, as Vere enters. It is an old enough operatic

device—we shall have heard it in Verdi's 'Attila'—and it comes off as splendidly as ever. But it is not capped by any melodic phrase of special significance in what Vere has to sing. In a similar situation in 'Otello' Verdi concentrates the whole of the Moor's character as a soldier into twelve bars of heroic music. Britten has given his Captain the flattest musical equivalent of prose, and far too much of it.

Then, again, is the trio of officers in Act II of sufficient musical interest to warrant the space it occupies? And, since many comparisons have been made between Claggart's confession

of evil faith and Iago's 'Credo', can it really be maintained that as musical expressions of a similar situation they are at all comparable? Perhaps poetry—verse, that is—might have helped at these points to suggest more memorable vocal phrases, as it has done in Billy's ballad in Act III. The musical high points in these two acts are the duet and chorus after the Novice's flogging, with its pendent quartet, and the duet for Billy and Dansker (a beautifully sensitive performance by Inia Te Wiata) which closes Act II.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Roots of Twelve-Note Music

By MOSCO CARNER

Works by Schönberg will be broadcast at 10.15 p.m. on Sunday, December 30, 6.20 p.m. on Wednesday, January 2, 8.45 p.m. on Saturday, January 5, and during the succeeding weeks (Third)

BEING now in a position to view Schönberg's creative career as a whole, the question that some of us have lately been asking ourselves is: Can his revolutionary achievement, the establishment of a new concept of musical composition, be related to inherited techniques and modes of musical thinking? In other words, has the twelve-note system its roots in tradition? In attempting to provide an answer we must begin by defining the nature of this system. To put it into a (fairly large) nutshell we might describe it as the organising of the total material of a composition by the exclusive use of the monothematic device and the application of all known devices of counterpoint as an integral part of structure, texture, design, and development—all proceeding on the tonal basis of the 'absolute' chromatic scale.

It will be agreed that none of these three essential elements is novel as such, it is only in the *method* of combining them into a workable system entirely *sui generis* that the primary significance of Schönberg's revolutionary achievement must be sought. The consideration of the tonal basis will not detain us long. Its origin is to be traced in the pronounced chromaticism of Wagner's 'Tristan' and 'Parsifal' or, more generally, in all music in which emphasis on emotional expression produced a marked chromatic style, such as the late sixteenth-century madrigal and Bach's Passions and Cantatas. In the young Schönberg, a typical exponent of late German romanticism, it was a monomaniac urge for unrestricted self-expression—the constant feature of his aesthetics—that led to a remarkable intensification and elaboration of Wagnerian chromaticism ('Gurrelieder', First Chamber Symphony) until the emotional pressure reached so high a degree that in his subsequent expressionist period it destroyed the functional relation of the chromatic note to its diatonic 'parent'. The upshot was pure or absolute chromaticism capable of mirroring the composer's stream of conscious and subconscious thought-images in all its subtle, wayward, and unpredictable course. A phenomenon incidental to it was the hypertrophy of discords, absolute chromaticism resulting in an absolute rule of the dissonance—a state of affairs which Schönberg 'legalised' in the twelve-note system (1923) and thus brought to a close a development the seeds of which were sown about half a century earlier.

What of his monothematic device, the tone-row? Here again Schönberg developed to a *ne plus ultra* an idea originating with the romantics,

if not in an earlier period. Melodic economy and organic structure are its aims, and its appeal lies in the intellectual satisfaction of creating a whole work out of a single pregnant thought. We are reminded here of what Goethe in a different context once described as *geprägte Form, die lebend sich entwickelt*; compare with that Schönberg's often repeated axiom that the basic musical idea of a work must contain all the latent possibilities of its application and development and you will understand his preoccupation and later obsession with monothematic structure. In his pre-expressionist works up to and including the Second Quartet (1908) he was content to elaborate the technique used occasionally by Beethoven and some of the early romantics (Schubert, Schumann) and developed into a principle in Liszt's theme-metamorphosis and the Wagnerian leitmotive. Leitmotives hold together the gigantic structure of the 'Gurrelieder' and 'Pelleas and Melisande' while in the chamber works of that period (all cast in sonata-form but variously modified) there are generating themes and close thematic interrelation between the separate movements handled by Schönberg with remarkable ingenuity and subtlety.

To give a concrete example: in the Second Quartet, the material of the first movement is wholly derived from its first (Brahmsian) subject and in the third movement, the *Litanei*, Schönberg welds into a single compact theme four principal motives from the two preceding movements which he subjects to variations so that the first half of the work may be said to be ideally present in the later movement. The underlying idea of such cyclical structure is to make the separate sections integral parts of an indivisible whole. For the same purpose Schönberg casts his early instrumental works, with the exception of the Second Quartet, into a one-movement form, a romantic device which we know best from Liszt's symphonic poems.

True, these early works of Schönberg's are not monothematic in the strict sense, yet the principle of thematic unification is already very much in evidence. It also affected his texture, and it is here that Schönberg proves himself a most faithful disciple of Brahms and, through Brahms, of Haydn and Beethoven. 'Thematic work' which is of the essence of classical texture is elaborated by Schönberg to a profusion unknown until then. A glance at any of the three chamber works of his short 'classical' period shows not a single part that in any given passage does not contain thematic material or derive from one or the other principal theme, by what

Schönberg later preferred to call the technique of developing variation. For reasons which cannot be entered into in this article, Schönberg forsook almost completely organic structure and texture in his subsequent expressionist works (Piano Pieces, Op. 11 and Op. 19, the monodrama 'Erwartung'), a quivering invertebrate mass of microscopic figures giving the impression of utter dissolution and formlessness. This apparent chaos brought the composer back to his former technique, but he now made it infinitely more rigid and strict by the adoption of the tone-row—the *ne plus ultra* of all those romantic tendencies to generate a whole work from one basic idea.

Yet the tale does not end there. If the classics and Brahms occasionally resorted to contrapuntal writing, Schönberg made the exception a rule. Already in his very early songs of 1898 we observe a rich contrapuntal texture which was new in the German *Lied*, at any rate to that extent, and it becomes truly staggering in his ensuing instrumental works and the 'Gurrelieder' with their combination and concentration of canons, imitations, invertible counterpoint and so on. One is, indeed, often in doubt as to which was the primary conception here: homophonic as with Wagner, Brahms, and Mahler, or polyphonic in the Bachian sense.

Yet no such doubt arises when one is confronted with his works in the twelve-note system. Here counterpoint reigns supreme in the form of linear writing. In addition, the three derivatives of the basic tone-row are obtained through it and the whole working of the system may be regarded as a unique application of the chaconne principle. Even earlier in the amorphous, wraithlike 'Pierrot Lunaire', Schönberg can think of a passacaglia (*Die Nacht*) and of a three-part fugue, double canons and canons *cancricans* in combination ('*Der Mondfleck*')! (To find the pure abstract world of 'Die Kunst der Fuge' allied to the nightmarish phantasmagoria of a French symbolist poet is, indeed, a strange experience.)

Looking back over Schönberg's creative career, can one escape the thought that it was an attempt pursued with inexorable consistency to achieve a synthesis of classical techniques from Bach to Brahms pressed into the service of an expressive ideal wholly romantic? In this light the twelve-note system appears as the final phase of a development of German musical thinking lasting more than two centuries. If we accept this view, then the answer to the question asked at the outset can only be an affirmative one.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

RICH SHORTBREAD

YOUR INGREDIENTS will be:

- 2-3 oz. of sugar
- 4 oz. of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of ground rice (1 dessertspoon)
- $5\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour

Cream the fat and sugar until light. Work in half the flour and ground rice (sieved together). Beat till very light and creamy. Work in the rest of the flour. Pack into a shallow greased tin, measuring about 6 inches in diameter; smooth the surface and prick it all over. Bake in a medium oven for 15-20 minutes until very lightly browned.

PHILIP HARBEN

CHESTNUT BOATS

Chestnuts make a delicious vegetable stewed and sprinkled with salt; they also make a basis for all kinds of cakes and savouries, and it is a good idea to keep a store of chestnut purée in sterilised jars.

Chestnut soup can be made by mixing the purée with a little stock, chopped onion, and milk. Chestnut purée is also good mixed with chopped ham and chopped, cooked cabbage, the whole baked and covered with a white sauce.

To make 'Chestnut Boats' prepare a stiff paste with egg-white, icing sugar, powdered almonds, and a pinch of flour. Fashion this into little boats, put a cooked chestnut in each, and place in a slow oven for three minutes.

ANNE BEATON

TOMATO PANCAKES

For four people you will need:

- 1 lb. of stewed tomatoes, or tinned tomatoes
- 12 oz. of plain flour
- 1 teaspoon of baking powder

- 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine
- salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of sugar

Strain the liquid off the tomatoes, and put the tomatoes into a large mixing bowl. Add about 1 teaspoon of salt (more if you like), a little of pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of sugar, 12 oz. of plain flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Stir well. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in a frying pan. Add the tomato batter by the dessertspoonful, and fry the pancakes until they are a pleasant brown on both sides.

RUTH HILARY

HINTS FOR PARTY-GOERS

You are going out for the evening, but feel too tired to enjoy it? That is a very common feeling these days. But these suggestions may help you to avoid getting into that tired state by the evening.

Do not go for too-long intervals during the day without taking some sort of nourishment—say, a cup of tea and a biscuit or perhaps a cool fruit drink. Try to make a definite break in the day: even a few minutes with your feet up is a help.

If you have a high kitchen stool sit on it while you are washing up or ironing.

A change of shoes and stockings during the day helps to keep one's feet from getting tired.

Now, about the actual evening of the party. After your bath, rinse your face thoroughly with cold water. Eyes are always tell-tales of tiredness, so take two strips of old, clean linen or white lint; soak these in a solution of witch-hazel and rose-water. Lie down in a comfortable position with your legs a little higher than your head, and place the eye-pads over your closed eyes. While you are lying down comfortably, try to relax mentally and physically—not easy, but

most important. Start by breathing in and out slowly a few times, then switch your mind to something really pleasant. After about ten minutes—or longer, if you can manage it—get up, but be determined not to rush while dressing. And do not put on tight, complicated, or uncomfortable clothes.

A DOCTOR (*Woman's Hour*)

Some of Our Contributors

RAYMOND SWING (*page 1088*): American radio commentator of 'Voice of America' and for Liberty Network; commentator on American affairs for the B.B.C., 1935-45; New York correspondent of *News Chronicle*, 1936-37; London correspondent of *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and *New York Evening Post*, 1924-34.

JOHN LAWRENCE (*page 1089*): recently returned from a visit to Yugoslavia; Press Attaché, British Embassy, Moscow, 1942-45, where he founded and edited the M.O.I. paper, *British Ally* (published in Russian); author of *Life in Russia*.

ALEC DICKSON (*page 1092*): Community Development Officer in the Cameroons, West Africa; previously in charge of Social Development in the Gold Coast; during the war in charge of Mass Education in East Africa on behalf of the East African Army.

C. H. COLLINS BAKER, C.V.O. (*page 1099*): art critic; member of the research staff at the Huntingdon Library, California, 1932-49; Surveyor of the King's Pictures, 1928-34; Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery, London, 1914-32; author of *Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters*, *Crome*, etc.

ERICH HEILER (*page 1110*): Professor of German Literature, University College, Swansea

Crossword No. 1,130.

Anno Domini.

By Altair

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Saturday, January 5

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Curtail abominate and adapt for Canada (8).
- 5 and 13. Not so celebrated as old Sarah Battle's; but sincere and timely (13, four words).
9. Rabid owl transformed and ferocious (8, two words).
10. Makes tracks for Greta? (6).
12. Sled (7).
13. See 5.
14. Worms' diet in its youth an imaginary may-pole (12, two words).
17. He would hardly deign to wait in the saloon (12, two words).
22. Sounds more valuable as paper (7, two words).
23. System of verse based on the Morse 'a' (7).
24. 13 on Tuesday (6).
25. Solid tea all by itself (8).
26. Sounds half a near-centenarian, but is really much younger (6).
27. Against the ball-pointed pens? (8).

DOWN

1. Kipling's youngster brought up like 19 (6).
2. Poles apart only upset to please the ladies (6).
3. Tedious predecessor of the silent film (7).
4. Often a star-spangled receptacle (12, two words).
6. Compromising situation for extremes to meet in (7).
7. Antics of Muffin the Mule, for example (8).

8. 'Late, late ——— I saw the new moone with the auld moone in hir arme' (Sir Patrick Spens) (8).
11. Smuggler whose hanging in the Tolbooth starts a famous Waverley novel (12, two words).
15. Famous Victorian flyer (8).
16. Spicy reply by 15 when asked what poet he represented in 'Julius Caesar'?
18. Sea connected with a wet sheet in song (7).
19. Early Roman who objected to the high jump (7).
20. 'Lo! ———'s glorious Eden intervenes' (Byron) (6).
21. No Scottish Tartan gained renown at the capture of this heathen city (6).

Solution of No. 1,128

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. Brasier (Sibford Gower); 2nd prize: F. E. Spurrell (S. Ruislip); 3rd prize: J. H. Bingham (Sheffield)

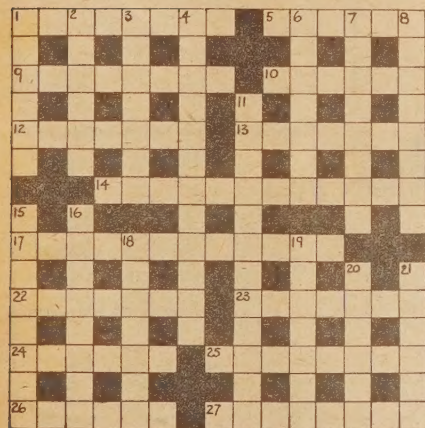


NOTES

Horizontal hexagons: 1. Stir. 2. Sane. 3. Lama. 4. Rice. 5. Last. 6. Pear. 7. Rama (St. Matthew II, 18). 8. Lame. 9. Mace. 10. Dell. 11. Grim. 12. Herb. 13. Pike. 14. Lese. 15. Hair. 16. Tern.

Vertical hexagons: 1. Emir. 2. Case. 3. Mars. 4. Silt. 5. Lamb. 6. Eire. 7. Alar. 8. Heir (Heir of Redclyffe—C. M. Yonge). 9. Calk.

Boundary Words: 1. Stampede. 2. Elephant. 3. Telegram. 4. Mariners.



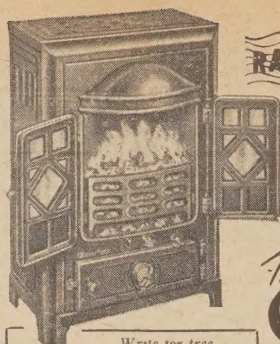
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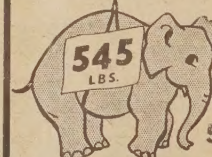
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